



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 11202 2433

1. Name (Harold)

LIBRARY	
of the	
Eugenics Record Office	
Cold Spring Harbor,	Long Island
This Book was acquired by <u>Gift (for review)</u>	
from	<u>Longmans, Green & Co.</u>
of	<u>New York, N.Y.</u>
<u>Feb. 1922</u>	Date

Rm 400
June, 1924

RECEIVED

NCC
(GARROLD)

A memoir of a very unusual personality, with a genius for friendship : a priest who was a trained historian, but original in his methods ; a successful writer of boys' books ; a devoted chaplain who died of illness contracted in German East Africa and Mesopotamia.

Martindale
Digitized by Google

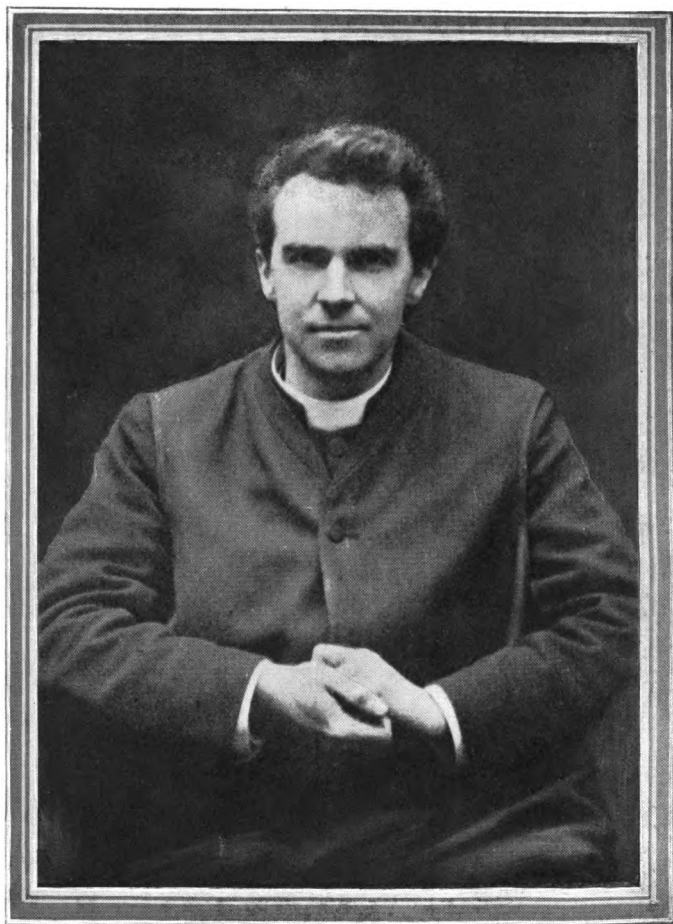
RICHARD PHILIP GARROLD, S.J.

**THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY**

**ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS**

R

L



RICHARD PHILIP GARROLD

S.J., M.A., C.F.

2 FEB., 1874—7 JULY, 1920

R. P. G.

THE LIFE OF GARROLD

S. M. M. M.

BY

M. MARTINDALE, M.A.

WITH A PREFACE

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

FOURTH AVENUE & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, AND MADRAS

1921

All rights reserved



PHILIP GARROLD

S. J., M. A., C. F.

2 FEB., 1874—7 JULY, 1920

R. 3. P.

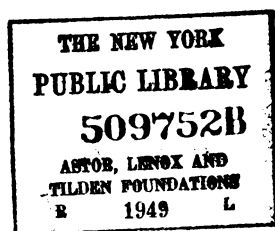
RICHARD PHILIP GARROLD S.J.

A MEMOIR
BY
C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

WITH A PORTRAIT

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
FOURTH AVENUE & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK
BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, AND MADRAS

1921
MRS
All rights reserved



TO
MRS. G. MUIR
AND
TO THE MANY BOYS AND SOLDIERS
WHOM HER BROTHER TAUGHT
OR TO WHOM HE MINISTERED
AND
WHO LEARNED TO LOVE HIM

INTRODUCTION

THIS memoir was written for two reasons: first, because it is impossible not to recognize how exceptional were the character and gifts of Fr. R. P. Garrold; second, it was desired that something of his method of learning and teaching history, which had an independent value, should be preserved.

In the earlier pages there will be, no doubt, some allusions to traits or incidents which could be paralleled in a memoir of almost anybody. Such allusions will be of no real interest save to his relatives and to his many friends; but it is for them, precisely, that the first part of this memoir is written. I have to thank his sister, Mrs. G. Muir of Broadstairs, for the loan of many letters and for much kind help, without which the pages concerning his childhood and boyhood would have had to remain a blank.

A second part ought really to have been composed, formed almost entirely of illustrations, and this again for a double reason: because Fr. Garrold's historical method essentially and continually involved the use of symbols, and because his own drawings are so extremely characteristic. He was not an artist; but, to my feeling, his personality expressed itself not least in those quaint imperfections of craftsmanship which neither can nor need

to be repeated. Since, however, it was necessary that the price of this book should be kept low, it was thought better to sacrifice the very expensive item of pictorial reproductions, and even to incorporate what had to be said about Fr. Garrold's historical method in the text. Enough may have been said to encourage those who neither can nor ought to 'copy' his work, at least to 'imitate,' in their own way, his general system.

I have not indeed aimed at any sort of scientific completeness. I have not, for example, made a diary of his experiences as an army chaplain; nor have I wished to collect and reprint all he ever published. I hope, however, to have included enough to enable those even who did not know him personally to form some idea of his manifold attractiveness and powers, and to recall him to his friends.

I like to reflect that my intimacy with him has made my task no harder. Though I saw so little of him during his last years, not only correspondence but a long visit I had from him just before he finally left Liverpool, while I was giving a retreat at the Cenacle Convent there, made me feel that he had not altered substantially, and that it was what I had always known, revered, and loved in him which had developed, and that our old ease of communication had suffered not at all.

I trust to those who also knew and loved him to fill out and animate the paragraphs of this brief sketch.

C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

Oxford, 1921.

MEMOIR OF R. P. GARROLD. S.J.

I

MEMBERS of the Garrold family have been buried in the church of Boulston, Herefordshire, since 1716, and Fr. Garrold was always pleased to reflect on the sturdy, unpretentious, and honourable stock of which he came. He was born on February 2, 1874, being the eldest child and only son of Thomas William and Johanna Addis Garrold. Of his three sisters, the eldest, Maud, died in 1888, and the third, Winifred, was tragically killed by a train at a level-crossing near Chalfont St. Peter's in 1911. His second sister, Dorothy, is still living. It was an enduring joy to Fr. Garrold that both his younger sisters became Catholics.

When he was eight, the small boy (who, I will frankly say, had been much 'spoilt' at home) was sent to a boarding-school.

Here he soon enough started on plays and novels, and at ten was sent to a larger school at Cheltenham, called Glyngarth. Bronchial asthma, and a sharp attack of pneumonia, interfered with any success at games he might conceivably (though perhaps not probably) have achieved; but he was a self-possessed young man, and once when he and his mother had gone together to an exhibition, and had got separated, and a fire broke out, he climbed on to a pile of

B

R P L

furniture and proceeded to wave a handkerchief above the panic until she saw where he was. His story 'Kismet' (how the title was appropriate remains obscure) was written and published locally in 1888 when his father, who had suffered a financial loss, had just sent him to the Hereford Cathedral School instead of to one of the large public ones.

'Kismet' begins boldly :

'When would they close?'

The question was being anxiously asked by the clerks in the office of Wyncherly, Moore & Co., wine merchants.

And really, Dickens need not have been ashamed of the first page or two, so directly to the point are they, and so descriptive of a scene by no means what you would have expected from a schoolboy.

However, the career of Mr. Stephens, the head clerk, became duly hectic. Thinking that he had killed Mr. Acakaby, he fled, and embarked on a steamer which landed him at Plemona, among brigands properly equipped with underground passages and charts in cipher. He escaped only to fall once more into evil hands at Constantinople, from which he was again rescued; he had, it is true, suffered concussion from a blow on the head, but was nursed back to life by the enchanting daughter of a distinguished personage. Now observe the relentlessness of this realist, and recall an episode in 'The Onion Peelers'!

During his illness Stephens, as we have said, was nursed by Julia Lefrin, and it was only natural that he should fall in love with her, but strange to say, he did not; in fact he rather disliked her than anything

else. But that Julia had fallen in love with him was plain from an incident which happened on the evening before his departure from France [Chapter XII.]. He was walking in the conservatory when Julia came in and said nervously, 'Will you step into the library for a minute, Mr. Stephens?' 'Certainly,' replied Stephens, and followed her into that room. 'Mr. Stephens,' said Julia, 'I have been wanting to speak to you for some time. I know that it is not my place to say it, but I can contain myself no longer. I want to tell you that I love you very much, and shall be very pleased for you to marry me. If you don't, I shall certainly commit suicide.' 'I am very sorry, Miss Julia,' said Stephens, 'but I don't think you would suit me at all.' 'But I shall certainly die if you don't,' said Julia. 'That is your own look-out,' answered Stephens, 'not mine,' and here the conversation ended.

But since Fr. Garrold never decided to anticipate 'The Young Visitors,' I leave in obscurity the rest of the obdurate youth's adventures. The book concludes with the austere distich:

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead.

It was intended that he should become a lawyer and go into his father's office. He accordingly passed the Preliminary Law Examination. However, he disliked the prospect, and was eager to try for the Indian Civil Service. He was sent accordingly to Mr. Wren's in London, in 1892, and his success seemed a foregone conclusion. 'If your son does not pass next August,' wrote Mr. Wren, 'I don't know who will.' However, in 1894, he failed, and returned to his crammers for an extra year. But in 1895 he

failed again, and never was destined to do himself justice in examinations. Already, at school, he had failed over his best subject, Latin, in the matriculation exam.; and even at Oxford, where both he and others had hoped he would gain a First—he certainly deserved it—he only got a Second.

However, the year had been eventful. For before he went in for his second I.C.S. examination he had been received into the Church. In the earlier part of his stay in London he was by no means 'religious' in the church-going sense: in fact, he assured me later that he was then 'agnostic.' He combined this, however, with an exterior adhesion to High Church practices. In his boarding-house there were of course frequent and heated discussions on religion, and he supported his own side *as a 'side.'* Suddenly he realized the element of humbug in all this, and proceeded to inquire from a fellow-student, who was a Catholic, the meaning of the High Church ritual. This young man lent him a Catholic book, and he was, on October 14, 1895, received into the Church at the Oratory, having delayed his decision only out of love and admiration for his mother and from fear of hurting her. The blow, combined with his failure in the second examination, was heavy; but he experienced at home nothing but affection and consideration, even when, at the end of a year at Hereford, during which he sent many short stories to magazines—none were accepted—he announced that he had a vocation to the priesthood, and in particular to the Society of Jesus.

He entered the noviciate at Roehampton on October 30, 1897.

.

It is difficult to make close acquaintance with anyone in the noviciate, and I have to confess that after the first few encounters, when naturally we felt a sort of reciprocal interest, I do not think that Brother Garrold (as he was then called) and I liked one another very much. We talked this over afterwards; and without saying what he would not wish me to, I think I can assign this, in part, to a fairly simple cause. As I shall say later on, he encouraged always very deliberately his pictorial imagination, and he attached great value, then, to his moods and feelings, whereas I was very alarmed at anything that savoured of the religiously romantic or that approached, however remotely, the sentimental. I expect that I accordingly showed myself unsympathetic towards his spiritual methods, and intolerant, if not derisive, of the 'consolations' he valued. I was afraid, too, of the shapeless mysticism, as it appeared to me, which seemed to attract him. It remains that two very unfinished characters, such as novices mostly are, both trying very hard to form themselves, are likely enough to fail of an understanding.

Looking back, however, I am fairly sure that he was right—others shared his view—when he remembered himself as in process of attacking the very real self-absorption which before his entry had been genuine selfishness. He was still extremely sensitive, and in fact remained so, to everything that seemed, in the spiritual life, to be irreverent, or, in ordinary social intercourse, to be bad taste or bad manners. He could not conceive how anyone could joke on religious subjects, nor so much as laugh in church; he detested the very high percentage of humdrum and commonplace which exists in a novice's life; and his

fastidiousness revolted at what does not as a rule occasion much repugnance, such as the work in kitchen or scullery, of which, too, novices have plenty. He addressed himself to these occupations with a kind of scowling ferocity at which his confrères smiled, but they would have been very short-sighted not to see that he was quite deliberately, almost brutally, doing his work (as they say) with 'a supernatural intention.' He did nothing automatically. It would be right to say that already he experienced within himself, and did so to the end of his life, in a certain measure, a kind of triangular conflict. He was extremely impressionable, and responsive to colour, sound, romance, affection. At the same time the lessons of his life hitherto had been—I will scarcely say grim—but the reverse of encouraging. I do not allude only to his failure to pass examinations; but in other ways, which I need not specify, he had been tempted to regard life and its promises as fraudulent; persistent disillusionment, mirages of present pleasure or of ambitious future, had led him to despair, at certain hours, of the whole content of existence. I cannot describe how hard he struggled, to the very end, against that cynicism which would certainly first have killed and then (if I may be forgiven an expression he would not have feared to use) have mummified his personality. When the *Athenæum* spoke of his 'bitter humour' it missed a fact quite as important as did a Catholic critic of the same book, who found that humour only 'refreshing, playful, and kindly.' But together with this readiness to rest upon the immediately sweet, and this harsh experience of the *amari aliquid*, of the poison that dewed the roses, had come for him the con-

tinual corrective of Catholic truth and its austere optimism.

He always had the faculty for seeing *something* besides the obvious: he *liked* disentangling the poetical, symbolical, or spiritual element in things. Hence the Incarnation became a guiding star on his horizon, and again, the indwelling and activity of the Holy Spirit in the world. Thus he was continually reminded that it was impossible to scorn material things, and again, that material things were meaningless without their soul. But it was many years before he succeeded in maintaining this double vision with anything like steadiness in his mind.

In May 1898 I was sent to the South of France and did not return till August 1899, and very soon after that went to St. Mary's Hall at Stonyhurst. But in that brief interspace I had noticed what seemed to me a new thing: *kindliness* had lit itself up in Brother Garrold's eyes; and I do not think that anyone will disagree if I say that the kindliness of his look, in later years, was really beautiful, and extraordinarily wise and gentle.

He spent a further year at Manresa, of which I find few records. Two thick books survive, containing English essays; they bewildered and annoyed their correctors by their 'vagueness'; their 'general views' seemed off the point: even, trouble was given by his immature yet perfectly just demand that the *method* of studying history should be a wider one, and not take England as isolated, or as the centre.

In 1900 he went to St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst, for his philosophy. In ordinary life he would have

grown middle-aged very quickly ; and he at once displayed an inclination to ensconce himself and make the most of the privacy which he had at last regained. He was shy ; football and even fishing did not really appeal to him ; and he undisguisedly liked arm-chairs, even when they were of uncushioned wood. It was a joy, later on, to see him settle himself down into the padded basket-chairs, one or two of which existed at Pope's Hall.

However, this did not nearly compensate for the special sort of study he now had to follow. I remember becoming more than half sincerely eloquent on the subject of the clean-cut distinctions of scholasticism, and exulting in the branches of the Tree of Porphyry—substances were organic or non-organic : animals were rational or non-rational. This annoyed him badly : he liked, he said, to conceive of things as melting into one another ; he began to describe himself as living by preference in a 'luminous mist,' and this became a sort of catch-word with him. He used to give vent to the most sweeping statements which he refused to back with any sort of evidence ; and not for some time was the other side of his character at all obvious—his delight in the accumulation of detail, in fingering concrete facts, in shaped and coloured things. Even a good deal later, when he was known to have a passion for rubbing brasses and visiting, with great zest, old churches and ruins, this was not seen to be much more than a fad ; and a friend wrote to him in doggerel :

' . . . I hear with some surprise
Your startling generalities :
The reading were indeed profound
On which your theories you ground.'

And he was made to answer :

' I rarely give a moment to
Reflecting if a thing be true.
If it feels probable to me,
All argument were vain,' said he.
' It were indeed a pedant's act
To base opinion upon fact,'

continued the critic, and advanced the claims of Reason. But Mr. Garrold was made to retort that

' The graven brass, the trodden brick
When viewed across a golden mist,
Conjectural, Idealist,
Enrainbow me in mental prisms
More fair than coarse white syllogisms.'

He protested, almost tearfully, that this was as it should be and no caricature. However, as I said, his affection for the concrete was scarcely noticeable yet, even as a fad. Even in his spiritual reading and personal devotion he manifested a tendency to the abstract—I do not mean the scientifically abstract, so much as the mystically indeterminate. He had a little picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, which he liked because of the non-realistic, almost symbolical, character of that painting, and under it he had written in Greek, ' O height inaccessible to angels : O depth unfathomable——' ; but I forget its conclusion.

He adopted at first a sort of ascetical discipline from which he gave himself periodical and deliberate holidays, but which, between times, made him seem to some people a little ' difficult.' He did this, first and foremost, out of sheer conviction that only thus could he attain to the mystical prayer he so much

hoped for ; and in obedience to the example of the Saints. But also, at this period, and perhaps, at the back of his mind, till considerably later if not always, he kept a sort of fear of the personally pleasant, or of the *comfortableness* to which he knew himself so much inclined, and which he ultimately could so well deal with. To *see* Fr. Garrold comfortable was to make you feel comfortable yourself, so *very* comfortable could he be ! But I think he half consciously re-enacted against himself what he thought to be God's treatment of him. His recurrent failures had left a considerable impression upon him ; and after surmounting the initial sentiment that he had been ill-used by life, he quite certainly held a belief that he must be good-for-nothing, since evidently God undertook to make him feel so. And what might have become, in moments of energy, a sort of savage self-contempt, and in weaker moments, self-pity, he turned into humility, and he spontaneously sought (as St. Ignatius suggests to his sons) that humility by trying to accept and even to welcome his humiliations. By what a hair's-breadth, then, did he escape, first, a scorn of self and world, and again, when his mood began to soften, a habitual weak Tolstoian pity for himself and for humanity ! He preserved (and to my mind) quite wonderfully purified and developed that pity, and could even be gentle and pitiful towards his own shortcomings. I think his first attempt to write, at the Seminary, materialized in the story 'Monkey,' which was gladly taken by Fr. M. Russell for the *Irish Monthly* (October and November numbers, 1901). In it you see a strong reflection of what I have said, for he put a very great deal of himself into the picture of that unsatis-

factory, lonely, and unhappy boy. His ruthless irony, and determination—not to eliminate sentimentality, but to display and then douche it, are already apparent. It was not long before he continued with 'The King's Visit,' the last of the three tales in 'The Man's Hands'; the same pity, shifted off himself, but learnt, first, within and for himself, is visible in all three stories: the little dumb boy, the lonely little Spanish boy, no less than the jealous little chorister whose spasm of spite led to such terrible consequences, reveal a self-same mood of pity for the sufferings which *look* (to grown-ups) so small, but are (as to the end he will maintain) as relatively great for children as adult experiences are allowed to be for adults.

He knew quite well that, as I have said, what he wrote trembled constantly on the brink of sentimentality; he used to implore me to point out what I thought 'soft'; he nearly always ended by agreeing (after a preliminary fierce demur), and made alterations. Even so, 'The Boys of St. Batts' ends with a quite appalling sentence. To convince him, you had to exaggerate. I used to tell him he was maudlin. So, indeed, he easily might have been; for precisely in his moments of sentiment he would allow his English to become slipshod; mood and style affected one another.

It was, I feel sure, his very close co-operation with God's grace which converted a rather cynical disesteem and a dislike of a harsh ugly world into a singularly unassuming simplicity, and a quite wonderful tenderness, and a special sympathy with sweating, struggling humanity; and taught him to use his rather terrible instinctive insight, not to

criticize, subtly and derisively, but to detect the latent loveliness of the least attractive.

Already in 1901 his friend Fr. Keane could observe, he tells me, his 'naïve charm which formed so real a part of his attractiveness,' and that 'keen sense of humour, at once playful and mockingly solemn,' which made so important an element in that very charm. 'Never once,' says Fr. Keane, 'have I known it spiteful nor cruel, though it had at times a razor's edge.' That is perfectly true; but it is another instance of self-conquest, or rather of a most beautiful spiritualization of a gift so easy to misuse. I remember many an occasion when you could positively read in his eyes the epigram he wanted to make, the metaphor by which he longed to characterize some person who had jarred on him, and which he eluded, not (as a rule) by an ostentatiously charitable silence but by turning it into something at once delightfully funny and brimful of kindness. I would wish to emphasize as strongly as I possibly can that a predominant element in his old-fashioned or pompous phrases, his dignified little mannerisms, even his flaunted delight in comforts, was sheer self-caricature: he felt he could best reduce to proportion the real tendencies he felt within himself towards self-centredness, touchiness, laziness, not by treating them as dramatic vices, to be trampled on, or at least thrust rigorously out of his own sight, but by giving them an outlet, *airing* them, and gently ridiculing them. Similarly, his chaff of others, his ever delightful verses in which he made fun of incidents, objects, and even persons, were meant to extricate his real feelings of dislike or criticism from the recesses of his soul, quite sure

that they would wither and vanish in the keen air of humour.¹

In 1902 there was a shortage of men for the Jesuit house at Oxford, then known as Pope's Hall. The late Fr. (then Mr.) Robert Monteith was determined that Mr. Garrold should fill one vacancy at least, and come up to Oxford for history. He urged this, with that mingled good sense and charm and

¹ At St. Mary's Hall he wrote in the *Blandyke Papers*—a local collection of essays, poems, etc., which appears monthly from October to May—papers on *Literature and Realism*, *The Unit in History*, *A XVIIIth Century House of Studies*, *Notes on the Law of Libel*, and *Matthew Arnold as a Poet*. He also wrote two sets of verses in May 1901; for in that month a special supplement appears dedicated to the praise of Our Lady. They are musical, but without much craftsmanship; in both there is a strong touch of pessimism, corrected by the thought of the maternal love of Mary. I print one of them, *in piam memoriam*!

AD BEATISSIMAM VIRGINEM.

Mother, in the morning
 I will sing of Thee
 When the pallid dawn is breaking
 O'er a world that must be waking
 Unto misery.
 Where the music is so sad
 Let the little song be glad
 That I sing of Thee.
 Very strong and full of comfort
 Are the words that speak of Thee.

Mother, in the evening
 Let me come again,
 When the tired world and weary,
 For a while, lays by the dreary
 Load of grief and pain.
 Let it be a song of peace
 Telling that the woe shall cease—
 No one tries in vain—
 Showing them thy crown of glory
 And thy blissfull endless reign.

R. G.

audacity which made him well-nigh irresistible, on the then Head of the Hall, and on Mr. Keane. He carried the day, and Garrold came up in the autumn and attacked Pass Mods. I have to acknowledge that I was very far from guessing, then, how remarkable a man he was, and his chief friends were the two confrères whose names I have mentioned. In a house where the pressure of work is very great indeed, there is always a certain amount of 'nerves,' and when the work is distasteful in itself, the strain is intensified. He hated his preparation for Pass Mods., and our arguments often verged on the acrimonious. However, I think we foresaw better things, for we used regularly to go for walks together.

It was during these that I learnt to appreciate his power of metaphor. I told him that it was sufficient for him to see or hear anything, forthwith to falsify it. A mutual friend used to play the violin to us; Garrold was especially struck by the Chaconne by Bach. I tried rather priggishly, I expect, to follow it as sheer music—almost mathematically. Garrold came away convinced he had been listening to souls in purgatory. He was relentless with me, and insisted that I should say, when we saw anything at all remarkable, what it *made me think of*. If it was, for example, Magdalen Tower, I expect I answered, curtly, 'Magdalen Tower.' But he wanted it to be a Psalm or a Nun. Once we passed a red-hot furnace; he asked his usual question: I was too tired just then to want, even, to annoy him, and I answered with a certain amount of conviction, 'Hell.' He was quite furious, and asked me how I could condescend to anything so commonplace, and said that to *him* it stood for

love and sin (or perhaps hate) struggling in the heart of a Saint. Along, however, with this spiritualizing of the concrete went an equal determination to give body to the abstract. He used to bombard me with questions about classical literature and history ; and it was quite exasperating to find that while you had been trying to explain to him the relation of Augustus to the Senate, he was wondering whether the woolly Roman toga felt prickly, and was overwhelmed on realizing that the purple dye probably smelt nasty. (His sense of smell was very keen. I am sure that the line of Theocritus which remained best with him was : ' And all things smelt of autumn very rich. ') In one sense it is true ' he did not like the classics. ' But only in the academic sense. Whenever it rained in the afternoon, and at other times, he used to make me translate long tracts of Homer and Virgil, whole plays of the Greek tragedians, and enough of any author to give him a personal feeling for the man. Here, too, he ' spiritualized ' : he certainly read moods into Pindar and—to give one notable example—into the exquisite prayer of Hippolytus to Artemis near the beginning of Euripides's tragedy, which the author never experienced. Indeed, he was always apt, I think, to attribute a much too modern psychological content to ancient authors, even to those of his special period. This is markedly true in the story called ' The White Road, ' and there is scarcely a paragraph of ' The Man's Hands ' in which I do not see his own spiritual experiences absolutely staring through the written word. He even offers, under a thin disguise, actual incidents and sayings which he remembers. He looks, not directly through medieval eyes, nor at a medieval world, but through

his own, and at his own noviciate. He planned to write a novel about the fifth century A.D. ;¹ it would certainly have been erudite, vivid, and extremely valuable ; but even when he had matured, I doubt whether its *mental atmosphere* would have been quite genuine. He always tended to *enrich* what seemed to him not quite good enough.

However, to translate thus rapidly the classics, and to be subjected to the simultaneous bombardment of Garrold's questions and comments and those of Robert Monteith, who often came in, was a liberal education in itself ; Monteith's remarks were shrewder and nearer to reality ; Garrold's, more imaginative and even fantastic ; but nothing could have been devised more calculated to make one get closer and closer to the mind of the writer, and more and more determined to express exactly that, and nothing merely subjective ; and even if the book ended by being laid aside, the conversations and even altercations which ensued had for me at least an enormous value, and it was thus, as much as in any other way, that I learned to understand and love these two men, each of them a true genius in his special way, and each so remarkable a character.

During these years he developed his system of teaching, and indeed of studying, history by means of symbols. His room was hung with large sheets of paper sprinkled with coffins, crowns, axes, wigs, and diagrams of all sorts. I used his system, to a certain extent, for Greek history, and on his side he adapted a system of mine for assigning certain

¹ This was materializing in *The Bishop's Cook*. Two or three versions of a few chapters survive. It would not be fair to print these fragments,

colours to particular trains of historical thought and feeling, though since he mostly used chalks, his pages became rather messy; besides, their glory faded, and I really think he enjoyed the colours chiefly because they screamed at him or caressed him, and once they were too dim to do that, he lost interest. Anyhow, what you invent probably suits you best, as Carlyle urged on Coventry Patmore, when he applauded that poet's literary 'vehicle.' He did not really like the 'vehicle,' but it charioted a 'human faculty' he admired, and so he exhorted the poet to continue using what his instinct had invented: it was fit vehicle, and fittest, for *him*.

During this time, too, Garrold developed his social philosophy, and though he retained a thoroughly English devotion to coronets, this was almost entirely due to their decorative value. Here was another instinct that he tried to reduce to its proper dimensions by way of exaggeration. To a friend who had commented upon the town of Staveley, where they had gone to take some brass-rubbings in the parish church, and had said that Staveley was stamped with the Platonic banausia, he retorted that there was as much vulgarity in the academic mind as anywhere. For my part I used to assert to him that his proclamation of Socialist theories was due simply to a desire to save his face, and that in reality he was just sentimental, and would not confess it. It is true that the most large-hearted human sympathy was his, and that he had a fellow-feeling for those whose suffering could not by any means be made to look romantic (as extreme poverty can); but while he had a keen eye for injustice, I think it was rather a quite direct instinct which moved him: the greyness

of lives, the spiritual dungeon in which so many millions live till really they are accustomed to it and don't want the wider movement and the visions—that is what saddened him and where he showed how he could apply what he felt his own life had hinted to him, to others. He did not like, but quite well understood, George Gissing, and would have understood Gilbert Cannan, but he rightly refused to himself the idealization of horror; he painted no Doré pictures of the suffering poor. His only tendency to erroneous judgment, here, was once more due to his reflection of his own sensitive appreciations into minds which would not have recognized them; and he would easily have felt that the poor found it as repulsive as he would have, to eat off dirty plates or in a smelly room. But having realized this, he made a very serious effort indeed to study the root-principles of social justice; and quite characteristically embodied, later on, his musings in some papers, printed first in the *Month* and then by the C.T.S.: 'My Catholic Socialist' (April 1909), 'My Catholic Socialist Again' (the original title stood: 'The Conversion of Socialism'; August 1909), and 'Spoffington Towers' (June 1910), which the C.T.S. published as 'A Dialogue on Landlords.' The thought in these is of good fibre and well-knit; but I feel sure that it is the extraordinary kindness of disposition manifested in them, the combination of strong feeling with complete unselfishness, which make these little papers so lovable and so healing. It was this, I imagine, that made his fellow-passengers in trains, or his acquaintances of the moment anywhere, succumb so readily to him. He really *was* kindly and interested and never gracious or didactic, and

the passionate sincerity of his conviction was too noble to be merely intolerant. Very sensitive to 'looking a fool,' very resentful interiorly of jokes made at his expense, he was far too humble in the most lovely sense of that word—for it means that a man sees himself as small in comparison with much that he is great-minded enough to recognize as great—to fear the awkwardness and even snubs to be looked for from ordinary folks who find themselves next door to, and expected to talk to, a 'parson.' He assumed no 'hearty' airs; he had, in such encounters, no propitiatory poses; he was honest, affectionate, interested, and intelligent, and therefore won all hearts.

.

I add here two letters written to a fellow-student who had recently left Pope's Hall at Oxford. I make no excuse for doing so; for they perfectly, and I expect sufficiently, represent his way of writing when he was in good spirits and was not called upon to write on any serious topic.

Manresa House, Dec. 31, 1903.

MY DEAR X., P. C.,—

The appropriateness of the day will amply atone for any delay (which I see rhymes) in answering your invitation to write often and copiously. And before I go any further a wish for your prosperity may not be out of place.

I am writing this in number 24 in the Tertians' gallery. Outside my window, as you may remember, spreads the expanse of St. George's Hall, an uninspiring vista which must be a strange contrast to the gorgeous view of the Mountains of Killarney which you doubtless enjoy.

It is my custom to open a letter with a few elephantine prances of the above description ; now let us turn to solid Fact and interesting news.

There is no reason to suppose that were you to visit the Hall you would not know it ; to assert otherwise were to sacrifice Truth for the sake of Effect. The chimney of your room no longer smokes ; a new front, as was to be expected, beams upon St. Giles [the house had just been restored], and new sods lie in the place on which our mutual feet have so often reflectively paced (the lawn). But beyond this I rack my brains in vain for alteration. The term has likewise passed without untoward incident, and the hankerer after the sensational should turn to other quarters for satisfaction. We all get on very well ; I think, though the word is certainly a strong one, I may add, *indeed*. I now dwell over A., who has uttered many untruthful if jocose remarks on the subject of noises and such like. If you have seen the E.[nglish] P.[rovince] catalogue you will notice after my name several pleasing abbreviations which make me understand the attraction of stars and garters, and such like worldly bubbles. . . . B. inhabits the modest cabin at my gates, and touches his hat respectfully as I pass to and fro. A short walk in a Northerly direction (or is it Easterly ?) brings you to C.'s eligible dwelling, which is just now hung round with laurel wreaths and festoons of palms. Passing rapidly to the right we reach——

The Common Room, a fine apartment in the Elizabethan style which is much or rather exactly as it was and so is everything else so stop this foolery. But I may add, in spite of the rudeness of the interruption, that a scheme is, if not on foot, at least sitting up in bed, for constructing a fine pile of shelves to hold the classical books. Only don't breathe a word about it because it's a *secret*.

The boating survives, thanks to the skilful energy

of D. and the young enthusiasm of E. and F. But I, I fear, have done little or nothing to aid it in spite of the commodious dressing-room now laid at our disposal. For in truth, my dear, I begin to feel very old ; the fearful figure 30 looms before me, standing out at night in letters of fire. Crabbed age and youth cannot live together, though in my particular case they get on very comfortably. . . . Pray for me sometimes as I will for you. I am hard at my essay just at present.

This was the Stanhope Essay ; to his failure to gain it he alludes in the following letter, where the 'frivolity' is a sign of courage rather than of high spirits merely :

Manresa House, April 1904.

MY DEAR X., P. C.,—

I have been paving Hell liberally in your regard for the last two months, and now at the eleventh hour comes the fulfilment. This graceful and spirited opening has been in my mind some time. I have been saving it up for some person of Culture and Refinement, a man of Parts who would appreciate it. . . . From the superscription you will observe that we are still in camp at the old 'ome. [During vacation the students of Pope's Hall stayed at various colleges or other S.J. houses.] To-morrow we depart, and I am sincerely sorry. Manresa has twined its arms about my heart, to be poetical for a moment. The noviceship at present is in a very cheering condition, large and of most excellent quality. But I think the secret of the charm is that here we seem to be in a majority—the world is at least adequately shut out, while at Oxford it forces upon us the fact of our insignificant minority in a thousand more or less offensive ways.

This vac. also I have been reduced to a sober and chastened frame of mind through my collapse with regard to the Stanhope. The melancholy intelligence has possibly not yet reached your distant habitation, but it must be told. I had felt for some reason extraordinarily cock-sure of getting it, which added a grain or two to the pill ; not a very big pill, though, after all, and one which I trust has performed its purgative functions, if you will allow so vulgar an illustration, with admirable efficiency. It would have been very delightful to have succeeded, but I can see the advantages of failure sufficiently clearly to be unfeignedly glad.

Perhaps even if the laurels had fallen upon my elderly brow they would have looked rather odd there, being primarily designed to decorate the sunny curls of Youth. For indeed, my dear X., I am growing a very ancient bloke. I have crossed the mystic line which separates youth from middle-age, and sometimes, comparing my status with that of my contemporaries, feel sad that I should be at once so old and so very embryonic. Still all is undoubtedly for the best, which, like all truth, is somewhat platitudinous.

I am afraid I am trying to be smart, a horrible thing at all times, especially in one well stricken in years. . . . I should fancy you are passing over a rather sticky bit of road. Well, we all have more or less of it, and are glad when it is over. I once had a dickens of a year, but I landed in the noviceship at the end of it. Pray for me.

1906 to 1908 (autumn to autumn) were spent at St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool. He at once began to apply his special method of teaching history. He was by no means, however, a reckless experimentalist.

His friend of later years, Mr. George Whitfield,

then in the Fifth Form at St. Francis Xavier's, writes as follows in the *Xaverian* :

While believing that half the battle of education was won if you could get the boys to take an intelligent interest in a subject and find in even the driest depths of study an element of amusement, Fr. Garrold had little patience with various modern experiments which endeavour to make education 'easy.' 'It's all nonsense to talk about easy education,' he said impatiently in one of our chats on the subject. 'Education is sheer hard grind, and it is not to be expected that any boy will find the process agreeable. It is obviously much more attractive to have an easy time of it than to keep one's nose steadily to the grindstone, and that is why occasionally we have to approach the horrible business of 'sending down.' It is only human nature in a boy to prefer a certain amount of idleness to hard work, and unless he is faced with the alternative of a more violent fate if he does not continue to grind, well, naturally, he will endeavour to enjoy himself.'

At the same time Fr. Garrold had an affection for the stupid boy. 'Boys are so liable to be misunderstood and earn for themselves reproof when their intentions have been of the soundest. A boy may do something entirely preposterous and yet have a good reason for it. A "stupid" boy is quite possibly brilliant in one thing and better than anyone else at that thing, and it is no guarantee that because a boy is thick-headed at school he will not become a sudden and startling success in some way when he leaves. The brilliant boy can be safely counted on to carry on steadily, but the stupid boy may at any moment reveal a sudden capability that you never dreamt of.' Which are just a few of the reasons why the college boys were so near to the heart of the 'schoolmaster' who wrote so understandingly about them.

This is strongly confirmed by a letter to me from Fr. H. Keane, S.J. :

There are many to tell the story of his inspiring influence as a master. I would only note the inspiration which I know that he gave to the dull and wholly uninspired plodder whom other masters had given up as hopeless. It was part of his large-hearted charity never to ask who it was whom he was helping ; it was enough for him always that there was a mind or a soul in need to whom he could be of help. Such good was often done at the cost of him who did it. Failures were rare. On the other hand he came in for a good deal of criticism from those of the ' practical ' sort who were inclined to decry his efforts as Quixotry. They spoke more truly perhaps than they knew, for there was in R. P. G. no small element of the chivalrous ardour of that very unpractical knight.

A leader in the sense of the strong, silent type Garrold was not. At the same time he had an immense following of devoted adherents. His power with adolescents was quite out of the ordinary. (Witness the work he did later at the Ainsdale Industrial School.) And the more the young man was inclined to jib at ordinary methods of control or influence, so much the better did Garrold appear to succeed with him. There was a friendly personal atmosphere about him which dispelled suspicion and compelled at first attention and interest and then a sort of dog-like affection in those who were degrees below him in mental power.

Mr. Whitfield writes again :

In spite of his fame in authorship, Fr. Garrold took a quiet delight in referring to himself as ' a schoolmaster.' The capacity to teach he regarded as a very special gift, as a rule too lightly regarded,

and deplored the man who drifted from the University into schoolmastering just because it seemed the line of least resistance, or because it offered a secure if modest income, or because he had not the enterprise to strike out in a new direction for himself. A school-master without affection for his boys was to Father Garrold's warm heart an abomination.

That his beloved boys when they left St. Francis Xavier's should visit him again gave him immense pleasure, for he loved to follow their adventures in the great world outside the college, and would sometimes unearth from vast piles of books, papers, and historical 'diagrams' little dog-eared photographs of college boys and relate how they had grown up to be quite important people.

I should like to add here his banking method of *fictitious money*. Good themes were rewarded according to the tariff printed below: each boy had his bank-book and cheque-book, and accounts were balanced and audited weekly by the boys themselves—the post of banker being somehow lucrative, and at intervals put up to auction. With the money one could purchase things, e.g., a comprehensive analysis of a book, with a large reproduction of the Bayeux tapestry which he kept in his room. A fairly fat banking account meant immunity from anything worse than fines, whilst a bankrupt had to go further and fared much worse. (A magnificently illuminated 'Magna Carta' was drawn up in retaliation, 'whereby we, the noblemen, burgesses, and commoners of 5B having suffered under the rapacious policy of our king and overlord, Fr. Garrold, we, the aforesaid, do demand of him the following: (1) No shilling in the £1 for exams., as we do not wish the papers to be

marked. (2) No fines of more than 5s. (drawn up this 22nd day of December) (signed . . .)'

I append the original Fine-Lists and Theme tariff.

FINES.		THEMES.	
Rowdiness .	5/- to 30/-	A + 3/-	B 6d.
Semi-rowdiness .	2/6	A 2/6	B - 3d.
Demi-semi do. .	1/-	A - 2/-	C —
Talking—1st time .	2/-	AB 1/6	D 1/- fine.
2nd „ .	3/-	B + 1/-	D - 2/- fine.
3rd „ .	10/-		
Leaning back—			
1st time	1d.		
2nd „	2d.		
3rd „	6d.		
Banging desk .	1/-		
„ (special)	2/6		
No capital .	6d.		
No book given in .	3/-		
Chewing .	2/-		
Standing up .	6d.		
Grimaces .	1/-		
Wrong account .	1/-		
'Start' for 'begin'	6d.		
Wrong subject .	1/-		
Dropping things .	6d.		
Needless question .	2/-		
Clicking fingers .	1d.		
Unsolicited comment	1/-		
Mad answer .	6d.		
Leaving place .	1/-		
Inattention .	5/-		
'Please Father' tax	1d.		
Leaving room .	2/-		
Yawn .	2d.		
Undisguised yawn .	6d.		

What Mr. Garrold really multiplied into his life, at this time, was athletics. It was an onlooker's

interest which he could provide, but it was *interest*. It was quite genuine. He was interested, first, in the boys whom he took to see the football matches, and then, wholeheartedly, made their interest his own. No one could mistake his sincerity. He wanted to learn. When he didn't know, he asked. Everyone loved explaining to him. The same with exhibitions; picture-galleries; the concerts he went to all too seldom. He looked and listened and used his own judgment in a singularly candid way; but he was immensely keen to get another's point of view and even to try to take it. In fact, he could quite easily take first one and then the other, and appreciate the altered aspect, and combine them, and correct or enrich each. In this he had no *pose*; he did his duty as a master, by teaching what he knew to those who didn't know it; but, when that was not his job, he was his extremely sincere self, and discussed everything with everyone quite seriously and without guile. It never occurred to him that boys could not teach him quite a lot; he always expected they could teach him something. And when I say 'teach,' I mean, that he expected, from his associations, that each side should get something from the other and be able to enjoy life more generously thereafter.

I like the photograph belonging to this period, with its turbulent hair and really splendid forehead; its very grave eyes, and lips struggling to check a smile by means of a half-whimsical scowl. If I may allude to what struck me again and again with a real bewilderment, I will mention that despite the heaviness of his features they seemed to me quite extraordinarily delicate and—I am forced to use the

word—beautiful. Yet there was no sort of regularity about them, except, perhaps, his brows. I think it was simply their spirituality, for that the soul does shine through the features, who can doubt? Aquinas, in a flash of insight to which one constantly returns with admiration, declares that anything fit to be called a work of art must display the *splendor formae* of that which it represents, the irradiation of its vital principle. I will therefore say that Garrold's soul already appeared to me to be *beautiful*; not merely strong, or noble, or endowed with this virtue or with that, but attuned to the beauty of God, of which he everywhere saw the reflections. Therefore in the grey city which at times he found 'desperate,' 'an incarnate groan,' he yet learned to see beauty, and beauty, too, in the souls of boys where grace triumphed or fought, and from him in return the delicate beauty shone.

I cannot resist corroborating this by a letter written by Mr. Michael Considine, one of his pupils:

My first interview with Fr. Garrold was rather startling. He was entrusted with the task of teaching European and English History to two of us from Upper Form VI. On searching for his room an exceedingly irritable roar was heard. We looked round and beheld Fr. Garrold. He asked us if we were O'Sullivan and Considine, and on informing him we were, he roared at us to come into his room. We did so. Meanwhile he glared at us like an angry bull for a few minutes, and then told us very stiffly that we were to treat everything in his room as private. We gasped, and thought what a bear he was. However, as we came to his room frequently we got to know him and he us. He must have formed a favourable opinion of us, for he livened up and became exceedingly pleasant. We

began to like him immensely, and very soon, I am proud to say, we were fast friends.

Fr. Garrold was a most successful teacher, and speedily gained the love and respect of his pupils. He took an individual interest in them and understood them thoroughly. One could almost say he adapted his method of teaching to the temperament of each. He was generous to a degree, eager to help in anything, and, above all, a true gentleman.

He never attempted to force hard dry facts into us. He used to take the greatest pains to make the subject he taught as interesting as possible. By means of pictures, comparisons, illustrations, he impressed the matter firmly in our minds. In studying the character, life or policy of any great man in history, he would begin by showing us a portrait of the man, and ask our opinion as to the character that might be expected from the portrait. By association of ideas he taught us to remember dates in history. He was exceedingly patient and tolerant, and I have never known him lose his temper, even when unwell.

Fr. Garrold was exceedingly keen on games, although he never participated in them. He was greatly interested in football, and it was a great delight to him to watch a match. I remember when the College was playing the Senior Shield Final match, how he could hardly contain himself. He cheered and shouted encouragement and gasped with dismay when our opponents made a dangerous attack. We led 3-0 just after the interval, and then our opponents scored two goals almost immediately. How excited Fr. Garrold was; he was nearly hoarse with shouting. When the whistle blew for time, he was wild with delight and celebrated our victory by dancing a 'valse triomphante' alone, and then rushed off to congratulate the players.

.

In 1908-1909 he went to Louvain for his third year of Philosophy. He arrived in Belgium full of plans—to study Flemish art; learn German, write stories. . . . As a matter of fact he settled down to a far more congenial and less abstract branch of philosophy, and was able to find plenty of time for real study of social principles and economics. It was now that he outlined, or wrote, the dialogues and other brief papers I alluded to above. In the quiet University town, where the ceaselessly chiming bells reminded him of Oxford, he yet felt the call of Liverpool, and almost every letter tells of his wish to be back there, 'stifling in its fogs and grimy with its soot'; thumping history into the heads of obstinate little boys, and prolonging the conversations, which cemented friendships, upon the college roof.

Very soon after the end of this scholastic year he went to do his Theology at St. Beuno's, in North Wales.

With St. Beuno's [Fr. Keane writes] he was frankly disappointed. I think it may have been partly that he looked forward to theology as a mystical experience and found it painfully practical. His was not the scholastic mind. He had no sympathy with an accuracy which he would have deemed almost pedantic. Moreover, he was a little too old for the methods of the schoolroom. On the other hand, he was a 'Short,' and to be a 'Short' in those spacious days meant the possibility of leisure. [Men did either four or three years of Theology. In the 'Short' course there were not nearly so many lectures as in the 'Long.'] This leisure he eagerly seized for literary work. On the social side, however, St. Beuno's charmed him. He was fortunate in his friends in the Society, and practically all of them were gathered at St. Beuno's. From this

point of view he was thoroughly happy. I have never heard him more at his best conversationally than at some of the gatherings in the Crows' Nest after a long day's tramp. On the spiritual side the mystical in him grew and developed during these years. He read and re-read St. Catherine of Genoa and St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross. His devotion to Our Lady also grew apace. Ordination was to him the big reality of his life, eagerly looked forward to and received with wondering joy and gratitude when it at last came. He feared the mechanical side of a priest's life, but that I think was his only anxiety.

At first he found a satisfying distraction in the publication of his first real book, 'The Boys of St. Batts.' It proves how accurately he already understood, *from within*, the psychology of schoolboys, and may, in a true sense, be called his comment on his first two years of teaching. His eye is infinitely less upon himself than in the three stories that make up 'The Man's Hands,' or than it was in 'Monkey.' Besides this, he was giving assiduous directions to Mr. Whitfield, who reproduced in a more correct form the diagrams that were to be used in a lecture on the Teaching of History, given in Liverpool in the March of 1910.

However, at the end of his first year his sight became so much worse that a small operation was decided on. This took place in August. It was successful; but I remember well that the fear which recurrently beset him, that he might lose his sight altogether, or at least be forbidden to read, was often acute. Perhaps I am not mistaken if I think that the terrible possibility he could not but more than once envisage, did more for him, spiritually, than

almost any other element in the training God imparted to him. He spoke seldom and briefly to me about it, but sufficiently and with great intensity. The tragic death of his sister, which I mentioned above, and which occurred during this year, repeated the sanctifying shock he had received from his father's. At the moment of his father's death, he told me, the universe seemed to 'crackle up round him like an egg-shell': he was on the point of following the soul out into the substantial and the real and the glory. The impression which this made, remained with him, and gave new life to his faith, hope and detachment.

It may seem almost derogatory to so profound and poignant a suffering as this meant—it went of course far beyond the depression, disheartenment, or black rage with life's perversities which recurrently beset him—if I insert here some lines of advice he gave to a friend who was a prey to melancholy. Yet I scarcely think so, for after all melancholy can be very painful indeed, and certainly very dangerous and destructive; and again, Garrold liked to take the only short cut worth taking, which is, to make use of the very best motives and principles *at once*, and to go to meet quite humdrum incidents or unheroic moods in the spirit of the hero. His intimate knowledge of human nature, including his own, enabled him to use all kinds of methods, it is true; he could appeal to common sense, to sense of humour, to natural instincts, and considerations of all sorts; but in his heart he went straight to the supernatural, and though, as I said above, he had all kinds of whimsical exterior ways of coping with a situation, you could never understand even his most ludicrous talk, performances—even grimaces—until you came

to realize that the love of Mary, of the Cross, of the Sacred Heart, and the adoration of the Most Holy Trinity were consciously in him and manifesting themselves under that grotesque disguise.

You must fight [he wrote to a friend] the blues, or the spirit of melancholy, if you want a more dignified title, as you would the devil. When you feel impressed with the intense nothingness of human life, go for a walk down at the docks or into some of the slums, and see and look at a few people to whom there is no question of the nothingness, and no possibility of question. . . . I sympathize with you, all the same; those fits are the frequent result of the artistic temperament. It is all the more important for the A.T. to be cheerful. Stevenson is a good guide to take; he was at once an invalid and a great artist, and went about the world with a cheerful whistle on which he continually played. . . .

Now as for these questions. . . .

Does it matter in the very least whether I spend my life working out invoices or working out designs? The answer to that is simple. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and thy neighbour as thyself.' What matters is how much love you have got into your life. 'Vere est Magnus qui magnam habet caritatem.' You can translate that, can't you?

Why is an artist greater or regarded as greater than an engineer?

He isn't. Some artists are greater than some engineers; on the other hand, some engineers are more admired than some artists—Q.E.D.

Why should one respect man?

Because God respects him.

Where does the feeling of chivalry come from?

Some people say from the medieval devotion to Our

■

Lady. Perhaps a little from the goodness of human nature.

As to the feeling of tenderness. Mere feeling is in itself not much good, and if it checks action may be mischievous. But when feeling leads to unselfish and kind action, it is an angel from heaven. . . .

The great failing of the artistic temperament is selfishness; from the biggest to the smallest they all have it, or let us be conceited and say *we* all have it. . . . Now in your last letter there is a very selfish idea. Mind, I only say an idea. You bring up as objection to the doing of kind actions that it might induce 'consequent agonies of mind' and loss of peace. But the peace that is gained by (for selfish reasons) deliberately withdrawing from the crowd and refusing to have part with ordinary men and women who love and suffer, is not the peace of God. Whatever your vocation is you may be perfectly sure it will not be in running away from pain. . . . The text that guided me when I had to decide whether my work was to be in the world or in religion [was] 'Unless the Lord build the city they labour in vain that build it. . . .'

I have been thinking a good deal about hope lately and of the little part it plays in the lives of most of us. If we really hope in a few years to shoot out of this darkness and puzzlement into unimaginable glory, what a difference it would make. I am just now reading Huysmans' 'Cathedral,' which brings out the fact that in the Middle Ages they really did hope like this. . . .

Judging from my own experience the only practical cure for low spirits is to do something you don't want to from spiritual motives, e.g., in reparation to the Sacred Heart.

His literary criticism, which he gave very generously, was equally frank and to the point. He never

thought that politeness excused insincerity. He read me his MSS., and made me read and re-read mine to him. When he didn't like something, he growled. When he really disliked an idea or an expression, he would get up from the arm-chair in which he lay huddled and walk round the room moaning; 'You can't say that! I implore you to change that! Oh, my dear so-and-so, I do *implore* you to alter all the last paragraph . . .' He used to crow with derision and coo with satisfaction, and rather exasperate one by picking out the bits one knew beforehand that he would like and lick his lips over the impression they conveyed to him, disregarding, as one felt at the time, the point. He usually agreed about the point; but he first liked or disliked the form. But after his initial waving of the emotional flags, he made a very clear-headed, critical attack. It would be useless to quote instances, because that would involve quoting also what he criticised. I will, however, write down a few lines of criticism which he sent to a friend at Liverpool, partly for the sake of the explicit comment, here and there, on himself, and partly to show how he could enter at once into the mind of the average reader, yet reaching therein processes of which average men are not aware at all.

I have read it twice carefully and can't quite make up my mind about it. . . . You don't seem quite to have made up your mind what line to take. The angel is the weak point; angels are always tricky things to deal with. Yours is beautiful enough to look at, but his conversation is rather odd. He should be either really dignified and awe-inspiring, or frankly the queer creature a little boy would imagine, whereas

yours is sometimes the one and sometimes the other. He speaks sometimes like a stilted prayer-book, and at the end in a very queer, half-apologetic sort of way like a person in an awkward position. Am I wrong in detecting the influence of 'The Blue Bird?' . . . If I had to work it out in cold blood (I never do with stories but trust almost entirely to my intuition) I should trace the psychological process something in this way. When the boy looks round he would see something of the materials which already existed in his own mind. He would know at a glance that it was an angel, because it would be a compound of a Christmas card and a red lamp and it would speak (as yours speaks) like a prayer-book. . . . The other alternative is to make the angel a really supernatural being, and then there must be more mystery and awe. . . . I should never dare to try anything so difficult, but if I did I should make the angel appear in a human form, so that he would never think till afterwards that it was an angel.

He repeats later :

Mine is not a visualizing imagination. When I write a book I don't see my characters but feel and sometimes hear them. I am much clearer about Freddy's inside than his outside.

One more passage I will quote, not on literature, but music, suggested by what he said above on his own imagination :

I was very interested in your visualization of the Sonate Pathétique ; please finish it for me. It is a long time since I heard it, nearly twenty years, so naturally I have forgotten most of the details. I remember one terrible part where the idea suggested to me was that the man had gone mad with his sorrow.

. . . I see [he wrote on another occasion] that we had precisely the same sensations on hearing the Chaconne, only yours were more vivid and objective. It is a soul in hell and nothing else, and the blind groping is too horrible for words. Your picture of the dance in the darkness is very vivid.

I would insist that Garrold always *did* visualize, but reached, in his visualization, colours and masses in movement without much form. The Sonata suggested definitely a *man*, and indeed a man gone mad with sorrow ; but he could not have catalogued his features or his clothes. In his drawings he never particularly wished to draw things *like* their original ; but they had to be *true* symbols : and if he felt that Abaelard, for instance, was swollen with pride, he gave him a bulbous head ; if Abaelard was extremely subtle, he gave him a pointed nose ; and would change the *picture* if his opinion of the *man* were altered. None the less, he studied historical portraits very carefully.

I should be sorry to suggest that Fr. Garrold was in any way disloyal to his theology. He was always a very obedient man, and I have seen him on a few occasions when it was very difficult to obey orders. On one occasion I remember him leaving my room to ask a permission which he took for granted. It had seemed to him, and to me, perfectly reasonable and indeed necessary. After a space I heard him march up to his room, which was over mine, tramp across the floor, and stand by his window. Evidently he was staring out of it, as his habit was, and you could positively feel his scowl. . . . After five minutes or so he came down to tell me the obvious fact of his refusal ; blew off steam, as I described, by

the utterance of the most unheard-of imprecations, but was quite clearly trying, first to recover from his astonishment at the fact and method of the refusal (I have to confess that it was always extremely amusing to astonish Fr. Garrold), and then, to find help to obey properly. It never occurred to him *not* to obey, nor that anyone would do anything but help him to obey.

He did therefore his theology as well as he could and never underrated his duty. Indeed, he liked it much better than he did philosophy. He never could be persuaded to feel good-will towards scholasticism; his obstinacy in that matter went so deep as all but to identify his feelings with a complete conviction. But he found a very great deal in theology that he liked, and I feel happy to reflect that by working out with him, as far as we were able, the position of scholastic theology in the flow of historic Christian thought, not only it 'came alive' for him, and its theses ceased to seem collections of ossified ideas arranged in a museum, but the great treatises of the Trinity, the Incarnation and of Grace were felt by him as a true method of entering into closer contact with those mysteries by which he so intimately lived. However, he always had to get to their doctrine by the road of history, and he always had to observe the effects of their impact on human life.

His ordination took place on September 22, 1912, and I do not think I can find any written record of his thoughts at that time. Perhaps at ordination, what is already deep in a man's spiritual personality becomes deeper still, and the rest reaches a certain peace attendant upon a co-ordination and finality

which enable him to start fresh and with a sense of power achieved. I can just remember his agreeing that when you gave absolution, nothing, not even Mass, seemed to surpass the marvellous consciousness of having healing hands, and restoring life to souls: but that when, in its turn, the hour for saying Mass came round, all life seemed to draw itself up to and into that action, and that a day with Mass in it seemed, as it were, adequate both human and divine-wise, and self-sufficient.

He went next to St. Stanislaus's College, at Tullamore, Tullabeg, King's Co., for his 'third year of Probation,' or Tertianship.

He often told me [writes Fr. Keane] that he really enjoyed the Tertianship. For all his varied activities he enjoyed quiet and recollection. He wanted time to think and his leisure was never idle. Yet work for souls, though he never spoke of it just like that, was always his prominent pre-occupation, especially the work of drawing his fellow-countrymen into that sympathy with Catholic ideals, the absence of which was due, he felt, so largely to ignorance, or, as he often said, to lack of sympathetic imagination. It was to do his share in Catholicising the English imagination that he wrote his books.

Of the line taken by his thoughts during this year I can give a sufficient idea by quoting from the notes he took during the month's retreat which is then made. They are not long, and I do not reproduce them all, but I think enough can be said to show just what struck his imagination, reinforced his faith, and directed his aspirations:

FIRST WEEK:

What is man that Thou art mindful of him?

In the material order he is insignificant, an atom on an atom surrounded by a monstrous mass of flaming matter. But at his feet we see life, ascending like a mysterious cloud, and he at the summit of life. That he is a spirit and made for God is the only *explanation*. The others do not explain. To think nobly of man, to believe that he is a wonderful and mysterious being is the first step. The mysteries of Christianity become almost natural when we have made it.

The fact that the world is a world of spirits came home to me with a new force.

Man is created by God.

He is by his very existence brought into the closest relations with God. He is made in His image. He is almost a little bit of God, so to speak: you touch God in touching man. . . .

To Save his Soul.—To be drawn up into the Life of God, as into a great white cloud.

The use of Creatures.—The thought that most came home was that we use creatures aright when we use them for our lawful enjoyment, giving thanks to God and loving Him more for the pleasure He has given us. This is as truly a right use as when we abstain from use that we may serve Him better. And it would not lead to abuse. We could not thank Him with an uneasy conscience. I thought of Lamb's essay on 'Grace after Meals.'

On Indifference to Creatures.—I saw and felt in this med. that to make indifference a reality I must have a great and real desire for perfection in God's Will and the attainment of God. This is what Lallement says. If I have that, sickness and health, etc., really are indifferent.

Sin.—To grasp at the outset that it is a mystery, that we can only judge it by its effects.

This grasp of the meaning of sin, while absolutely indispensable, will not be gained in one meditation, but must be earnestly prayed and worked for during the year and afterwards. To speak to people of sin I must be afraid with a real fear of the very shadow of sin.

Swift's Horse allegory in G.'s Travels.

We can only grasp it when we grasp in some way what the soul is ; its likeness to God.

Repetition.—The thought that God has always been ; that when the angels stood before Him at their creation, He had always been, as it were, a great line of Life stretching away to infinity, or a great circle revolving.

And that the effect of sin, both for angels and men, is to drive them from the Presence, like leaves before the wind.

A Comparison.—Wells's idea of men who live underground and can't bear the light, to whom the light causes unspeakable anguish. Diseased eyes and the sun. My own operation.

Judgment.—That we shall be judged for what we have done to others.

The General Judgment.—This thought came home with great vividness so that I made the whole meditation upon it. The time will come when this world will be over, all will have been settled and the stir and trouble of human life will be over. And those who have lost their souls will remain, as it were, shut up in a globe which sinks ever further away from God. God may create new worlds of rational creatures in the æons to come, but those men will remain for ever shut up in hell, the relics, so to speak, of a vanished world.

The End of the First Week.—It simply means war upon self . . . self has been at the helm. . . . God cannot use the ship. . . . If I am to be an *aptum instrumentum*, if I am to be free from the guilt of the blood of souls, I must conquer self. It is simply that now.

I was listening to the reading in the refectory of an old book on Hell in which the torments of the damned were described in great detail, and I was inwardly contemptuous. . . . After all, does this go beyond the revealed truth in essentials? May it not be that the best way of bringing home to ourselves what that revealed truth is?

We suffer if we are in the same house with some one in great agony, and we are taught that the infinitely just and merciful God condemns perhaps millions to suffer agonies for all eternity. I meditated on this, praying to know how this might be.

We cannot conceive of what it means to be united for ever to God, the infinite value of the gift that is offered to men. If mankind could choose, having knowledge of the gift, whether or not to accept it under the condition, they would cry with one great voice of ecstasy, 'Oh, let us have the hope of it. . . .'

Why have we not more light? This must be the mercy of God. 'If they have not Moses and the prophets. . . .'

Suffering.—'Shade of His hand outstretched caressingly.' The picture of the Father in the Prodigal Son is God's own picture of Himself.

The enormity, so to speak, of it; but in the presence of God all is enormous. . . .

The truths of the enormity of sin and of God's mercy have, I think, come home to me more than ever before.

THE SECOND WEEK :

The Kingdom of Christ.—The going against self has for end to be insignis [distinguished] in His service and show greater love. It does not mean that the work stops there. But it is a necessary preliminary. . . .

To say I have devotion to the Sacred Heart and live an easy, self-indulgent life is like telling a thirsty man you are sorry he is thirsty, but taking no steps to get water from a spring a little way off. [Twice emphasized by lines in margin.]

The Incarnation and Nativity.—The thought that came home was that it was humility and purity that provided a place for God in the world—also that purity is not a mere negative thing but the transmutation of the lower into the higher.

The repetition of this meditation, where we are told to see the three Divine Persons debating, I did not like because it sounded crude and unspiritual, but which I think is the only way ; we can only see these mysteries from the child-angle, so to speak.

Though plunged into the midst [mist ?] of natural things the Star is always there . . . we hurry forward so fast that the dust we raise on the road hides it. But if we do that we may miss the road and find, when the dust has subsided, the Star has gone too, or is behind instead of in front of us. This is just a thought I had. It might be useful to illustrate the point to others.

The Presentation.—In the eyes of the world, just one of the crowd. . . . I feel as though I were only just beginning to know Our Lady.

The Two Standards.—At the midnight meditation a better realization of the power and activity of the Devil. We should think of him as a spiritual power,

not as a black man or anything of that sort. The Devil has never become incarnate. Is Anti-Christ his incarnation, and will this be his last desperate effort, when everything else has failed ?

The barrenness of evil, and the way in which Our Lord has gathered in and taken a central position in all that is good in humanity.

For people in the world this med. is useful. (1) That that is Christ and what He says. (2) That the voice of the world, if you listen to it and give yourself up to it, is a lie. (3) That He only asks detachment, that you should, so to speak, disinfect sins and ambitions by bringing God in. [This he doubly lines in the margin.]

The Call of the Apostles.—I had great consolation in this meditation. D.G. . . . Here those that have been called have a special and peculiar way of attaining to the intimate knowledge [of Our Lord]. The history of each one's own vocation gives it. [Doubly marked.] As with the Apostles He calls us each in a special manner, and taking into account our personal character. This is a point for all religious and priests.

The Sending of the Apostles.—That I am sent. This is a fundamental truth to strive to realize. I stand before them not in my name but in His, not to tell them my thoughts but His.

That the powers I am given, powers of healing, consecrating, are, as it were, a pledge given me to reassure me. They are credentials.

That what I have to preach is summed up in the ' Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.' That all He cares for is to gather men into that Kingdom before it is too late ; that in the life of grace it has already begun ; that it is at our doors in death, in our hearts by grace.

That devotion to the Sacred Heart brings us to the

Kingdom and keeps us safe, but [by ?] drawing and bending our hearts to the heart of its King.

That I should meditate long and carefully on every word of this instruction to the Apostles, and especially see that all my preaching comes under the heading of a call and telling of the Kingdom.

D.G. for this med. D.G. D.G. D.G.

A vocation is a call to be one of His own friends. [Doubly marked.] And that while they can do more than others to please His Heart, so they can wound it more sorely.

The Supper at Bethania.—It came home to me very clearly that the reason why Our Lord was pleased with St. Mary Magdalene, why he singled out her act for a reward which is almost like that which Our Lady speaks of in the 'Magnificat,' was because she did it for love. It was the outcome of the thought, 'What would He like?' and even a worthless act when done for love (like Our Lady's Tumbler¹) will please one who loves the doer. . . .

And that when we deny ourselves we do it because we think He would like us to imitate Him.

And that what we learn about Him in this med. is that it does please Him.

And that this is the idea of the third degree of humility. D.G. [All this meditation is doubly marked.]

If I had been present at any stage of the Passion, and had been seen by Our Lord and wanted to help Him, would my presence have brought Him consolation or suffering? Would it have reminded Him of opportunities of saving souls wasted or outrage

¹ The Jongleur de Notre-Dame was an acrobat who, ignorant of what else to offer Our Lady, performed his best feats before her statue. A miracle sanctioned this and confounded his critics.

against God? If I had wanted to wipe the sweat from His brow, could I have done it? Would not my presence have caused Him more suffering? The only kind thing to do in cases where we have injured people is to keep away. Again, think how differently different people's presence would affect Him. The holy and humble and pure of heart as compared with the slack, self-indulgent religious who has perhaps on the whole done more against than for souls. I don't know whether this is true of me. But this thought should be faced. Can I in decency go there as a comforter. [Doubly marked.] Is not my place out of sight till it is over? I would think of this myself after in med. and give it in retreats.

It came home to me that the agony of Our Lord's soul at the sight of His people and [*sic*] then and now and in all ages rejecting Him is a thing beyond our understanding, a black yawning chasm before which we must recoil and not even try to probe into it. . . . All we can do [doubly marked] is to try to console Him, by Magdalen acts and by prayer and work for souls.

All the Souls of the damned, as it were, striving up before Him to mock Him. . . .

FOURTH WEEK :

That we should think of man not as at the top of one series or scale of things but at the bottom of another—a little lower than the angels, not a little higher than the beasts. It makes it easier to realize that God has assumed human nature.

The knowledge of the truths of faith that we want for preaching the Kingdom is not the knowledge from study and the assimilation of ideas but the grasp and insight which the Holy Spirit gives.

At the end of the retreat, for which D.G., D.G. a thousand times, I find myself full of a real and eager desire to make the one object of my life the striving

to attain to the fullest and strongest love of God made Man that is possible to me, and a determination to turn away from all that is not God and that can distract me from this end.

This is a real thing and a grace of God. What I want now is to be quite clear as to how to preserve my soul in this state and to increase the fire instead of letting it grow colder.

It will be seen, I think, how simple Fr. Garrold's reflections are. I have selected only those which have a sort of personal colour about them. It does not follow that the others are just transcriptions of what his Tertian-master, Fr. Gartlan, who was giving the retreat, said to the assembled Tertians, although Fr. Garrold had an enthusiastic admiration for him, and was for ever grateful for his Tertianship. Still less does it follow that they were platitudes. In a way, the greatest truths can only be expressed in platitudes; such as, that God is good; that sin is a disaster; that Heaven will be joy. All depends on how much you see in platitudes. Only to a weak appreciation do they really seem platitudinous; and the stronger a man's appreciation of their content the less does he desire to develop or decorate them or illustrate them by anything outside themselves. He may feel a very real pain at having to talk about such truths at all. 'I saw everything in a point,' wrote Mother Juliana of Norwich. St. Ignatius, dying, cried 'God' three times, but else was silent.

That Fr. Garrold increased in appreciation of what he contemplated during this retreat is proved, I think, by the complete elimination of those literary comparisons with which he started. Lamb's 'Essays,' 'Gulliver,' H. G. Wells, cease to occur to him. This

is not just due to the fact that the meditations on the Life and Passion of Our Lord were more concrete and coloured and therefore more self-sufficient. There were certain sorts of abstractions, which, as I said, he liked. In a way he liked to think of *purity*, *eternity*, and so on, although he no doubt always used his imagination on them up to the point where they would begin to have outlines. Exact outlines he did not like. But his imagination best expressed itself through metaphors, in such cases, as when he saw God's Grief like a black chasm, and that is a very different thing from literary allusion. The meditations did become more and more self-sufficient. Even the metaphors became much less frequent after a while, and only show themselves noticeably once more when, in the meditations on the Passion, he felt he was confronting something too enormous to be stated at all save through metaphor. He sometimes also used allegory, but after the outset there is only one example of this, in the middle of the retreat, though he takes refuge more than once in the thought of a *mother's* love as a help to understand God's.

His spiritual curve, during this retreat, passes from the point where penance for sin is the main fact in his consciousness, through the appreciation of the extreme humility of Our Lord and His Mother, in the Holy Childhood, to an intense realization of the Apostolic vocation and the love of the Sacred Heart. Then in the Passion he sees the call to penance, humility, and zeal intensified and sublimated in motive, and ends in no abstract love of God but an active will to serve the coming of God's kingdom as an apostle in every way responsive to God's spirit.

Among his resolutions, which are general and simple, he included particularly that to spend the half-hour after midday recreation in prayer, and to ask daily for grace to touch the hearts of men by his words, and especially the hearts of boys. This grace was assuredly granted to him.

I will only add that his Tertianship strengthened in him that love for the Irish spirituality, which had always been his since he began, at Liverpool, to understand it, and which reflects itself so beautifully in his novels, and especially towards the end of 'The Onion Peelers.'

After his Tertianship he returned to Liverpool, with his hands incredibly strengthened. For not only had he, as a priest, greater freedom of action, but far greater authority, and when he had won the confidence of those whom others, perhaps, did not make friends with, he now could, when the occasion seemed to advise it, put the crown on his work by the gift of absolution and sacramental grace. His power in the pulpit, again, revealed itself to some who had not expected it. At times he rose to real eloquence, though pulpit-oratory as such he always held in horror. There was a roughness about his preaching which indicated a tremendous sincerity and conviction, and yet a tenderness and intimacy which you would assuredly have looked for once you had realized how sensitive was his nature. These qualities, and indeed his enormously increased maturity, were soon made visible in his two next books, 'The Black Brotherhood' and 'The Fourth Form Boy.' Here and there — once especially, in the incident of the Protestant Lecturer—he allows his

exuberant sense of humour to spill itself out in farce (though notice, even here, how he absolutely forbids you to imagine that that egregious person was all—or at all—*bad*; there is a page where his excellent good heart reveals itself, and the boys, who had fooled him, are made to recognize this in a way that the reader might not have done); far better than ever Fr. Garrold makes us realize along with him the *inarticulate sense of mystery* which most boys, after all, possess, but which their professors find is too often hard to remember, notice, appreciate, or work with.

Apart from this, the most interesting work of this period was his 'Sodality.'

Fr. Garrold was tremendously impressed—as who can fail to be?—by the fact that after a boy leaves school his religious formation ceases, at least in any continuous fashion, unless he gives it to himself or at any rate takes a very great deal of trouble to procure it. Yet his experiences, his profession, the world at large, continue to exert pressures on him and to form him in every non-religious way. Hence a real interior dislocation. The strain may become intolerable.

Garrold never for a moment permitted himself to think lightly of the suffering, or dangers, young men may pass through; he felt vividly, as from within their own minds, the 'difficulties' which in a thousand ways were suggested to them, and were, after all, the more dangerous in proportion as they were *not* painful. You cannot exactly wish a young man *not* to have an alert mind; yet he must be *either* extraordinarily wise, or quite mentally placid (not to say stupid), or be actually succumbing, if the

problems of life cause him no distress at all. And indeed, if mental riddles do not perplex him, his instincts, especially in our pagan environment, suffice to put him on a moral rack. Garrold was filled with a vast respect, indeed reverence, for the loyal fight he saw men putting up around him; and was intimately sympathetic, and never supercilious, aloof, or harsh, when they were wounded; but he quite well saw that they deserved help, both from older and more experienced people, and from the sense of backing they could derive by associating with men like themselves, trying to be loyal to the same great invisible things amid the attacks or cajoleries of a grim, cruel, confusing, or delicious world.

He found himself able to group, with this end in view, quite a large number. Most of the boys who left St. Francis Xavier's between 1910-1912 had been actually taught by him for four consecutive years, and he was well known to very many more, who had seen less of him.

Now, as Mr. B. Clothier writes to me:

Once a pupil of Fr. Garrold's you were a personal friend of his for life, and there was nothing in his power he would not do for you. He had *no* favourites. Though I write it, it is true that I spent hours of writing and labour (for I had to carry the tables and crockery up two flights of stairs) but I never received one iota more favour than the boy who joined and was *never* a pupil of Fr. Garrold's. His personality instilled law and order and commanded respect, and, shall I say, adoration.

Any psycho-therapist will tell you how dangerous is the 'transference' of a patient's trust and affection to himself, and how brutally, at times, the

attachments must be disentangled and severed, that the sufferer may live by his own life ! Noble is the sense of medical honour which enables a doctor to do this, if he have no other motive. Fr. Garrold had two ; they issued alike into complete unselfishness. The supernatural one was an intense devotion to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord, which recurs throughout his spiritual notes, was his chief comfort when among the miseries of Mesopotamia his health and almost his happiness began to give way, and inspired his last words. He never wanted to win souls for himself *at Christ's expense*. Along with this went his quite sincere, quite heartfelt, poor opinion of himself. Mr. Clothier expresses this exactly when he says that Fr. Garrold was delighted to see his friends in his room for a smoke and talk and *considered each visit an honour*. That is perfectly true, though it requires the courage of one's convictions to say so. He was never the pundit, the enthroned superior—witty, charming, affable, gracious as you will, but still *superior*. He was never that. He knew he had resources ; but so had his visitors ; qualities which he admired and even envied, and always loved. Sharp as were his likes and dislikes, as I have said, he managed to envelop and chasten or sweeten them all with his spirit of controlled affection.

His work was further facilitated by the fact that a large number of the old boys whom he wished to group had already formed, independently, a junior association of sports called the Xaverian Old Boys, not identical with the Old Xaverian Association, though gladly taken over, later on, by that. It was flourishing well. Mr. Clothier mentioned the idea

of an Old Boys' Sodality to Fr. Garrold, who said he had long thought of the idea, but disliked the word 'Sodality,' as he thought that suggested piety alone, and he wanted his association to be very elastic, and admit of debates, lectures, and all sorts of combined activities.

It was in the summer of 1912 that the possibility was properly discussed, first, between him, Mr. Clothier and Mr. G. Whitfield: the association was to consist exclusively of old St. Francis Xavier boys, to protect them against influences adverse to their faith, and to form their whole Catholic life positively. He ended by allowing it to be called 'Xaverian Old Boys' Sodality,' though this gradually dwindled to 'Fr. Garrold's Old Boys' Sodality,' and finally to 'Fr. Garrold's Old Boys.' Mr. Clothier, as Treasurer of the Xaverian Old Boys, knew of seventy to eighty names, chiefly in the neighbouring districts, and Mr. Whitfield a great number more in other parts of Liverpool and over the river. Of forty or fifty of these, a preliminary meeting was held; and Fr. Garrold was elected Chairman and Chaplain, which office sufficiently indicates the character of the group. It met every Wednesday fortnight; it is impossible to make a list of the topics it discussed, as the war swallowed up the records of this as of so much else. Refreshments were added a little later on, and occurred between the lecture itself and general conversation; and the College itself provided a very generous assistance in many directions. Books, too, from the College Library were lent.

Each term brought in a new group of Old Boys, and by July 1914 it was solidly established, and began to invite outside speakers, and it was thus

that I was fortunate enough to make acquaintance with it in person.

By August 1914 it numbered over 170, and by September scarcely ten. The enthusiasm with which Liverpool Catholics joined up is well known; in fact the record of the Catholics of the North shows clearly how far ahead, even of their fellow-countrymen, Catholics were in offering themselves—in a spirit, I dare to say, alike of sport and sacrifice, to the thrilling and terrible adventure.

Rather later, Fr. Garrold himself left as chaplain; and on his return the reconstruction gave him one of his last joys and the most searching sorrows. I do not know that there are many families in which children are knit to parents by a more pure and sweet affection than that which he felt for his 'old boys'; but these brothers and sons of his—for he *felt* that double relationship—were numerous beyond any kindred merely; and his griefs were proportionately many. This played its part alike in the break-up of the natural world about him, and in his own deeper entry into the heart of God.

In 1915 he was appointed to teach at Buluwayo, and received orders to sail by the *Kildonan Castle* on October 9. I do not know what he had felt, up to this time, about the possibility of acting as military chaplain; but I expect he would have admitted the idea with his customary mixture of diffidence and hope. Such in a way had been his attitude towards the foreign missions: he would have hated leaving the places and people to whom his affections were so intimately given, and he would have foreseen the future with real apprehension: yet he would

have felt a leap forward of desire towards the new experience bound, in any case, to come his way, and he would have supernaturalized the whole. It is quite certain that he had regarded the offering of himself as military chaplain to be the very first of his duties, and I think then the anguish he felt in the scattering and deaths of his Liverpool friends superseded his shrinkings and made him really want to go, as well as feel he ought to.

Anyhow there was soon enough no further question of Buluwayo. On October 7 news came that the *Kildonan Castle* had been commandeered by the Government, and a telegram from South Africa stated that it was a classical or mathematical master who was needed, and Fr. Garrold was neither. He was accordingly appointed to be C.F.

From now on, a regular correspondence which he kept up with his sister enables us to keep pace with his movements week by week. But as I said, a mere diary would not be of much value: the tiny details of army life have rarely a personal character, and have been read a thousand times in the letters published or unpublished of any one who took part in the war; and on the whole, I was astonished to find, in these letters, so little that I should call 'Garroldian'; I think the 'instant necessity' of his days held up his imagination a good deal: the frightful reality made metaphor seem impertinent; and later on, when he had leisure, he was so tired as to have no heart for writing letters of a quotable sort.

But I should like to emphasize the quite beautiful affection which is found in all his correspondence with his sister, beginning with a distant letter of

congratulation (June 23, 1904) (which includes the amiably sententious dictum that : every one ought to be married or a religious), through those which had to offer sympathy in great sorrow. His sympathy was tender, but never weak : he insists always on the value of pain : Christian Science, he declares, ' makes a mockery of the Cross of Christ . . . if all we have to do is to sit still and make acts of Faith that everything is all right.'

He stayed with his sister for a few days before sailing, and was able to write on October 28 from Wimbledon College, that those few days had knit their ties of affection closer than in all their life before.

On October 30 he arrived at G.H.Q., and was to be Chaplain, he learned, to the 76th Brigade of the 3rd Division. He entertained hopes of being attached to the 13th Liverpool Regiment. However, as so often, there was a muddle ; he tours about for a week, returns to G.H.Q., and his next address was the 3rd Field Ambulance, Guards Division. His admiration for the Guards was unbounded ; among the Irish Guards in particular he found himself twice over at home. But from his letters you would say that he found a special delight in the very difficult task of finding and serving the Catholics spread out among the Artillery, the Engineers, A.S.C., Pioneers, Cyclists, and Signallers. Everywhere he finds more Catholics than he has expected ; and in him an artilleryman meets the first priest he has seen since he came out (November 25, 1915). He was then in charge of all the Divisional troops as well as his Brigade, and by Christmas was appointed to be Divisional Chaplain. It was on, or just before, November 20th that he had his first

experience of being under fire while visiting the trenches ; but he seemed far more impressed by saying Mass in a theatre while an operation on a wounded man was going on in the wings. . . . Again, grateful as he was to find, on one occasion, that the Engineers had spontaneously built him a wooden confessional in readiness for his visit, it was the casual, yet almost miraculous, confessions, and the long hours of confessions heard while he was walking to and fro, which best came home to him. All day long he exulted in knowing he had ' healing hands.'

Towards the end of January 1916 he was wounded. After lunch on the 21st he started to walk from the advanced dressing-station to visit a battery where there was a Catholic officer and several men. There had been very little shelling in the morning, and the day promised to be quiet. However, the road began to be shelled, and shells fell to right and left fairly close. He had just determined to take cover when a shell burst so close to him that he did not hear it, ' right at his feet,' he says. He felt he was hit in the face and ran to a dressing-station, which itself was shelled while the dressing was going on, and he had to make for a dug-out, where the preliminary work was finished. The wound, which was slight, might easily have been fatal, for the fragment ran right along the cheek and lodged in the back part of the jaw. He attributed his escape to the intercession of Our Lady, for he was saying his rosary when he was struck. After seventeen hours in a hospital train, during which he was ' very comfortable,' he was put into the Red Cross Hospital No. 2, and was able to get up on the 27th, and actually said Mass on the 28th.

On February 1 he arrived at Princess Louise's

Hospital in Kensington Palace, and hugged himself over the thought that he was writing from the room in which Queen Victoria first met Prince Albert . . .

From the 7th he had a month's sick leave, and paid some visits, including one to his sister at Broadstairs.

After this he was appointed to the East African Expeditionary Force, and sailed from Plymouth on the *Balmoral Castle* on April 2, and on the 20th wrote home from Durban.

These letters abound in references to the various places he passed through, but there are few personal touches, and he has a way of saying that he has met 'an officer,' or 'a sergeant,' whom he knew as a boy at St. Francis Xavier's or at Stonyhurst. But he does not name them, naturally, perhaps, since he is writing to his sister who would not have known the names, but otherwise regrettably. We have to rest contented, for diversion, with his extraordinary spelling—he watches ostriges and drinks champagne—and one may be grateful that his MSS. had good proof-readers, both here and in South Africa where (we must beat our breasts!) he finds his books are better known than in England. France has taught, or re-taught, him horsemanship: at Kajiado Camp he learns to drive a motor-bicycle. He oscillates between Kajiado Camp and Nairobi, and not till July finds himself exultantly 'off to the front at last.' He keeps repeating that 'service,' to be good at all, must be 'active, but that *then* it is a fine life.' Military inactivity is what he cannot bear.

He was attached to the 5th South African Infantry Regiment, in the 3rd Division, and after a great deal of moving about, during which crocodiles and rhino-

ceroses supply him with material for his brief comments, he found himself *en route* for Zomba with the Nyasaland Contingent.

It was here that the colossal personality of von Lettow first reached his imagination, though as late as January 1, 1917, when he is at Songea, he remains full of hope that the German East African campaign is 'almost over.' When he came out he found every one convinced it would only 'last a few weeks,' but by September of 1917 he was severely criticizing General Smuts's speeches over in England as almost mendaciously optimistic. His kindness survives the first 'touch of the sun' and chill; he had always enjoyed the friendliness of the Dutch whom he met, and now is enchanted by the welcome he receives in the admirably organized German missions (chiefly Benedictine) through which he passes. For entertainment, he listens to 'very active lions,' which roar round him at night.

He said his Easter Mass, that year, on the top-deck of a river-steamer going down the Zambesi, and after a considerable break, during which he was for long at Dar-es-Salam, and very discontented, he finds himself back, and with delight, on active service, and participates in the serious engagement at Kilwa Kisiwani in July. However, he was by now confessing that he had lost his energy and could not exert himself: a spell as medical orderly (so many men were down with fever) did not rest him, and on September 9, 1917, he writes from a military hospital. But soon he is ready to travel up to the Front again, and reaches Nanangaki with the Gold Coast Regiment. On the 18th he is with the 11th (Hull) Heavy Battery at M'Sindji, and experiences the heavy fighting on the M'Bemkuru River. At the beginning of December

he expresses a real relief, in the midst of the fatigue which was beginning to beset his mind, that for the first time since he came out he could reserve the Blessed Sacrament. On the 23rd he announces that the Germans are out of East Africa, but without much exultation, for although by January 19, after a spell at Dar-es-Salam, he says that from being 'wrinkled and haggard' he had become quite fat, brain-fag has captured him, and his 'mental paralysis' endures till he has reached India.

For, now that the fighting was over, and in the absence of white troops to whom he could minister (the natives had priests, I gather, belonging to them specially, or anyhow Fr. Garrold, inexperienced in their customs or language, was incompetent save for the mere externals of his ministry), he had applied for India or Mesopotamia, and was in fact in Bombay by February. He made his retreat at Kurseong in the Himalayas, but early in April was on the Red Sea *en route* for Egypt, where he spent a short time at the First Infantry Base Dépôt, and by May 25 was at Basra, attached to the 119th C.C.F.A., 7th Cavalry Brigade. His letters regain a little vivacity. After all, Baghdad (where he had the pleasure, keenly appreciated, of seeing much of his confrère Fr. E. Walton, S.J.) and the ancient relics of civilizations whose history was half-familiar to him, had their fascination; and there was a certain stability, and he could build mud churches. . . . But even a mention in Dispatches during the summer of 1918 (a summer, fortunately, relatively mild) did not quite revive him; the exciting actions of October and November only exhausted him; sand-fly fever, and chill, and bronchitis brought on complete exhaustion, and on November 19, 1918, he writes from the

Officers' Hospital, Baghdad, that he is 'very weak.' It is true that in December he is at Basra, and 'quite well again.'

Fr. Garrold's diary was very accurately kept from the time immediately preceding his sailing from South Africa till his return. But at first there is very little that can be of use to us. He notes down facts without any, or a minimum of, comment. This is, here too, at times, almost exasperating. He puts 'Met old Stonyhurst boy,' but not whom; 'Colonel talked freely about his brother [Lord Kitchener],' but not what he said; 'Queer dinner,' but not why. In 1917, however, he says he intends to make his diary more interesting to himself. He seems to have set himself the daily task of filling a theme-book page, and rarely writes less and never more. He puts down minutiae in a manner worthy of a Catholic Pepys, with extreme honesty, as well as accuracy. To one who knew him the whole method, as well as each sentence, is characteristic. You see and hear him. Yet it would be waste of space to reprint it; besides, it is often only just legible. However, I quote a few extracts, which, to my feeling, really do convey something of his appreciative and impressionable personality. After reading them, no one is likely to imagine that the German East African expedition was ill-supplied with literature, at any rate. What the extracts will not convey, however, is the realization of how ill he felt all this time, except for brief hours. From the outset he suffered constantly from a distressing and weakening indisposition, and found sleep difficult. Also, Catholics were few, except among the natives of whom he had as yet no experience. Therefore he was more than usually disheartened and resented inertia even

though feeling quite unfitted for activity. He lived increasingly on prayer, but it was a grim prayer, on the whole, with reiterated cries for faith and trust. Nature, from whom he habitually gained so much, had armed herself against him.

Jan. 5, 1917.—No news this morning. . . . Meditation on nothingness. It gives one, curiously, a sense of security. A Reuter yesterday rather depressing on the whole.

Jan. 28.—Read 'Life of Lawrence.' Does any other race produce such a type, a type impossible in an 'apostolic' Christian people; Roman of the best sort.

Feb. 10.—Feeling particularly well and put it down to X.'s cheese, of which I have a small tin.

Feb. 16.—Read W.[inston] C.[hurchill]'s 'In a Far Country.' A striking book which gives a truly appalling picture of American public life; got an idea of historical development—a series of plant-like growths with a short period of flowering. Christianity in them all. Middle Ages is certainly [or, thirteenth century?] a prematurely ripening Christianity so to speak and over-supplied. Thought of dialogues on those lines more or less.

Feb. 18.—All 3 officers turned up to Mass . . . but a lot who had been specially seen and promised to come, didn't. It is heart-breaking work.

Feb. 25.—Very poor attendance, not more than 6. 2 h.[oly] c.[ommunions]. Felt very sick at heart and indignant. But 'in patientia vestra.' Preached shortly on Epistle, 'Receive not your souls in vain.'

Feb. 26.—Old N.C.O.'s seem to have a rough time with these new recruits. Afterwards said office and went through A Coy.[?] lines and saw all the men in camp I *think*. All promised to come to cf. [confession] to-night, but in the event none did. Oh dear, I am

so tired of it and its apparent hopelessness. I expect I don't pray enough.

Feb. 28.—Prayed better than ever before on trek. B.V.M.

March 6.—A touch of the old enemy (or friend) again to-day. [A troublesome slight illness from which he suffered.]

March 23.—With Z. to [Anglican] Mission. Kindly received. I was taken for C. of E. for some time. All very Anglican and 'nice.' . . . I felt very sorry for them. Such fine men and such a rotten system and such a fine cause.

March 27.—Trekking for nearly 3 hours, nearly all the time we were passing an enormous convoy of some 3,000 going towards the Lake. . . . Sang on the way and found it a great help.

April 11 (At sea.)—Stood on bow for a long time and tried to think of God. The sea as it were still shaking from the force of His hand.

April 21 (At Chishawasha.)—Discovered that Fr. A. Law's remains are buried here, removed from the kraal where he died. Visited grave twice, and thought of all his life meant to me at the beginning. [From this sort of passage we can glean details of Fr. Garrold's early life. Fr. Law's biography, lent to him apparently while he was under instruction at the Oratory, impressed him, evidently, a great deal.] . . . I must read his life again. It proves that what looks like a very tame path may lead to wildly romantic lands. What would he think of Chishawasha now? . . . (*April 22*).—After Mass followed procession of school children to the shrine of Our Lady. I was pleased to see that it passed near Fr. L.'s grave. That at least would give him joy.

May 1.—(At Victoria Falls.)

On [in train] through a tame-looking wooded country with autumnal colouring. About 4.30 called

to window to see smoke of the Falls and the gorge. Smoke just like a bush fire, gorge from railway looked tame. Arrived soon after. . . . Walked down to W. end of Falls and got an impressive first view of masses of water tumbling through the mist in the distance. Noise rather awful. Devil's Cataract—a silly name—terrific. . . . To bed with the noise of the Falls in my ears.

May 2.—Spent a glorious morning. God seemed very near. Said office and found many new meanings. Felt it was like a shrine of B.V.M. 'Aperi labia mea et os meum annuntiabit gloriam tuam' on my lips all the time. The view especially across the knife edge with the great wall of tumbling fire-like waters most impressive. Thought it was like souls leaping up to God, and the rapids above, the eager crowds rushing for the great moment. . . . In evening down to Devil's Cataract again. A great day, one of the most wonderful of my life. *Deo gratias.*

May 3.—After breakfast went through the Rain Forest. Very weird and terrible but little to be seen except the vast smoke-clouds of spray, until almost the W. end. Then a clear space. 'He hath put His wonders on the Earth.' Easily recollected. If Livingstone had discovered them in April instead of Nov. (low tide) he would surely have found a nobler name for them. A Mohammedan would have called them, 'the Glory of Allah.' They remind me of the Beatific Vision.

May 4.—Said some office looking at the Falls, till disturbed by advent of a stranger who commented on the waste of energy they displayed. . . . After dinner, Falls by moonlight, feeling a bit nervous. Not very impressive.

May 22.—Read Dean Stanley's Life in evening. A beautiful will-o'-the-wisp leading the C. of E. to the precipice.

May 25.—Finished Dean S. A striking example of how much harm a good abnormal man can do, especially in matters of religion. Viewed from present day he seems to be leading the C. of E. to its doom singing the most beautiful songs about charity and waving his (apparently) brilliant imagination about like a dazzling flag.

May 29.—Read 'Salammbô' most of the day. Vivid pictures but not much life in them, only colour. A lantern show not a cinema. But good and useful for a setting.

June 6.—Read 'Life of Lord Dufferin,' a rather exasperating book as it gives you only glimpses of the real man. One thing struck me, and may have practical bearings. He began to learn Greek, ignoring his school and university studies, as though it were a modern language, and acquired considerable proficiency. I find on trying the N.T. that a great many words are familiar and I think of doing the same thing.

June 8.—Determined to go straight through St. John at once. Extraordinary discovery.

June 13.—Said part of office properly, kneeling down, and found it made a great difference. I ought to try to do it like this every day. Finished Vol. III of Mommsen, with some profit, I think, but I wish I knew what my work is to be and what is worth while and what not. Still Roman History is in a way a part of the Incarnation and the abnormal-man-and-critical-period-phenomenon, which seems one of the clearest signs of God's Intervention, very frequent there.

June 15.—Began 'The Oath of Barry Maguire,' which may grow into something. D.V. I rather liked the start (after one false one) and live in hopes. Wrote all the morning, 1½ pages.

June 19.—Wrote a little, but again got on very slowly, only about one page. *Fairly*, but only fairly

satisfied with that, though I like 'Though all that love her go weeping, I'd have you go with them.' Also he takes the oath to be true to Ireland, not to hate England, which makes developments easier.

Aug. 9.—Read and finished 'Wounded and a Prisoner,' a French soldier's experiences. Some absolutely fiendish cruelty on the part of [enemy] doctors with a good deal of stupid kindness. They are indeed a puzzle. False mysticism is I believe at the bottom of it. The Devil's own hunting-ground.

Aug. 10.—To bed early and read the 'Virginians.' Curious how [Thackeray's] early style has run to seed. It is just like a fine plant grown straggly.

Aug. 15.—Much rain during day. Felt very slack and did nothing but say office and read 'Kipps.'

Aug. 17.—[Locke's] 'Wonderful Year.' A first-rate story; not quite so brilliant as [Aristide] 'Pujol' but more solid and meaty.

Aug. 18.—'Romola,' which seemed very stiff and absurdly pedantic.

Aug. 22.—None of the hospital men turned up. Felt very indignant but remembered that a good part of the indignation was personal vanity wounded. Sgt. N. came late but in time for h.c. A good work here. D.G.

Aug. 24.—Read 'Mr. Britling' a good deal. A good picture of English mind in early stages of the war. 'Germany fighting for a second chance' struck me. Perhaps it is that. . . . Had an idea for story, why I can't imagine. Cranmer, e.g., in modern surroundings to bring out his iniquity. I hardly ever think now, but I did a little to-day over Mr. Britling. Is there a substitute for war in Christianity?

Aug. 26.—Talk with Major X. on religion, the usual indifferentism. The C. of E. the church of the indifferent and may become more so.

Aug. 31.—Finished Q.'s 'Tilda,' one of his best, full of the Q. quiet warm colour, full liquid colour. The

most atmospheric novelist we have now and always kind and sweet. Really grateful for this book which took me through the fever.

Sept. 26.—[He was reading alternately 'St. Augustine's Confessions' and Pepys' 'Diary.' All this time fighting was hot, or at least the troops were continually moving up, so the diary has little non-military comment.]

Oct. 13.—Rather heated discussion on Ancient and Modern civilisation. X. particularly silly and told him so. A dreadful child.

Jan. 1, 1918.—Posted letter to C. C. M. which he probably won't like. [This was occasioned by an article I had written in which one paragraph was inspired by some criticisms made by Anglicans upon their chaplains. I was much impressed by the recognition that however splendid their natural qualities were, however lofty their ideal, they found themselves in the army, without any clear 'spiritual job.' As far as that went, there was neither demand nor supply, massively speaking. Fr. Garrold, much subject to the impressions of the moment, and having encountered, a little earlier, some very fine types of C. of E. chaplains, one especially who was on the edge of conversion, felt indignant. However, from experiences of an opposite sort in India, he wrote to me (with real virulence !) retracting what he said in the letter alluded to. I will say once for all, that in this department he had a really warm charity towards the *persons* involved ; he deplored their system ; he did not like their usual mannerisms. With regard to the anti-Catholic methods of certain Protestant missionaries in Africa, he was very severe indeed in his criticisms, which I hardly think it worth while to quote.]

Jan. 5.—Found my long-lost valise and on opening it found everything right. . . . Had no idea I had so many shirts. . . . So to bed and slept well in newly

recovered pyjamas. [It was his spectacles that he usually lost; sometimes more than once a day.]

Jan. 6.—[On his published articles belonging to this period he wrote]: Not up to much. Wrong style altogether I fancy.

Jan. 7.—Some 'Pride and Prejudice' . . . a wonderful book. One gets more excited about Elizabeth's marriage than about most hair-breadth adventures. . . .

Jan. 8.—It really is a sort of magic to make such trite things of such absorbing interest. . . . A thought for the Epiphany: it was the star manifestation [*sic*] a portion of God's love for the Jews, and help to understand and believe; of what immeasurable things it might have been the starting-point.

Jan. 9.—X. had a telegram ordering him to Egypt. Felt a pang or two of envy, but tried to trust. Talked with Y. how both of us have had all that we wanted very much. I, Oxford and travel. I believe I shall go to India.

Jan. 13.—Y. got word that he was to embark . . . to-morrow. A small pang and a faint, faint hope that my leave might arrive in time. Rather low spirits all day at prospect of Y.'s going and found it hard not to be surly. . . . After dinner Z. came in. A terrible talker, loud smashing person who bored me horribly. So to bed fed-up with things in general, especially X.

Jan. 14.—Began 'Bleak House.' A little Dickens to cheer myself up.

Jan. 20.—'For many things are shewn to thee, above the understanding of men.' Ecclus. iii. 23.

Jan. 24 (Embarkation).—So I suppose the G.E.A. chapter closes. I wonder what I have got out of it; more trust, I hope, more confidence in dealing with men, but no or little lessening of shyness.

Jan. 25.—A. has such dark hair and eyes that they seem to cast a shadow over his whole face, which seems

cut out of solid stuff and to have no jaws, his mouth just a slit in the solid block. Gives idea of preciseness. Something poetical too, a Burne-Jones man-at-arms.

Jan. 28.—Began 'Pretty Miss Neville' [Mrs. Croker's novel] . . . also read some of the Apocalypse of St. John and was terribly impressed.

(Jan. 29).—Three things clear. (1) Light on Our Lord. (2) Terrible things to happen 'and yet they did not repent.' (3) Vivid reality of heaven. A book for these times. . . . A craving for new experiences which I have almost lost.

Feb. 4 (Still at sea).—Idea of a story about the Order of Friars Mariner. The sea as a help to contemplation, retreats at ports, visiting lonely islands, etc., etc. Perhaps part of a book of Pious Romances.

Feb. 7.—Read Kipling's 'Many Inventions' which contains 'The End of the Passage,' the story which influenced my life so strangely. Re-reading it, it does not seem anything so very extraordinary, and I am not quite clear as to where its power lay. I fancy it was in the glimpse of a bigger world as compared with the little world of Hereford. [I remember that he often told me that this had been so. I think, too, McAndrew's Hymn, and his power to see 'all predestination in a piston-rod,' had broken through the vault built over life by mechanistic conceptions of the universe.]

Feb. 12 (Bombay).—So far Bombay as a show has been distinctly disappointing. In place of the streets full of vivid colour I find little but dirty white.

Feb. 14.—To visit Hindu sacred tank and temple on Malabar Hill. All very dirty, shabby, and disappointing. Only impressive thing, a dark room full of people squatting and praying in front of a big ugly idol. One or two handsome fanatic priests, but this about finishes my desire to see things in Bombay.

Feb. 5.—Getting lecture [on Burke's 'French

Revolution,' to native students] ready during morning, a little uneasy as to being able to hold on for an hour with matter prepared. While saying office had idea that I ought to take a more serious tone on the general principle that these home-rulers may be dancing gaily towards a precipice. Cordially received, felt as usual shy, but all right once begun. Lecture went all right, but a sort of feeling that there was a wall between us. Listened pretty well; some critical, at any rate, unsympathetic grins. . . . A thankless job fairly well done, but Lord how shallow I am and how *not* clever.

Feb. 22.—First view of Calcutta almost undiluted Lancs. Chimneys.

Feb. 27.—(In retreat at Kurseong.)

Thought of Monteith and 'Who dies pays all': perhaps that is my way too, both of us more or less failures. On other hand perhaps not worthy. I believe I have detachment here. . . . I felt happy all day.

March 1.—In med. on the Kingdom, great help. D.G. and B.V.M. The simple thought that every act for good, every temptation resisted, every prayer, every effort, is a blow struck in the great struggle between Christ our Lord and Evil. That this should be in all my direction and preaching to soldiers, to try and make them feel that they are not out simply to save their own souls, but out for Him too. There are two wars going on, and you may be a slacker and a coward in one, perhaps not in the other, though very likely you will be.

That it is for Him, the great glorious Christ, the Word made Flesh, the Sacred Heart.

That in the B. Sacrament He is with us; we can and should report to Him very often.

All this came home to me with great peace and consolation, so that I hope I may be given another chance.

I left out the *insignis* idea [St. Ignatius's direction that we should have ambition to be 'distinguished' in God's service], feeling unworthy, and determined to try the rank and file for myself too.

In the med. on Hell which came before this one, I saw that we must not consider it an isolated truth; it is part of a series or system and the central idea which makes it necessary and credible is the infinity of God. God allows us to have direct dealings with His Infinity, and we are in the position of a man who has direct dealings with electricity. He might be forbidden to have them altogether, but then he would lose all that electricity does for man. So we might be forbidden those relations with God, but then we should lose the chance of possessing God. . . . But I think we ought to speak more of Hell because the modern attitude of mind is so poisonous.

Mar. 2.—Med. on the Kingdom of Christ repeated. That as a priest I am called to be *insignis*. The choice is not left open.

Mar. 3.—In the Visit to the Temple, I thought we have another proof of God's will that the chosen people should help to save the world. Why did they not want to help Him? And if they had, what possibilities!

Mar. 4.—Glorious view of the mountains after breakfast. Not a cloud. The earth caught up and clothed in Eternity.

April 3 (At sea).—Read Mrs. [Humphry] Ward's 'The Case of Richard Meynell.' . . . Poor pulverized modernism, it looks a very poor thin thing through the smoke of war.

April. 9.—Beautiful violet shadows on Egyptian shore to-night. Metallic light green sea.

May 1.—Borrowed Vonier's book on the soul. . . . A good 'basic' book such as I want badly.

May 5.—Finished [The Glory of] 'Clementina'

[Wing] and enjoyed it much. The sort of swaggering success we like.

May. 17.—Read 'Hurdcott,' a sort of mixture of Cranford and the 'Arabian Nights' taken spiritually. Full of beautiful work but (spiritually) moderate.

June 10 [On Tigris].—Striking view at sunset, the red reflected in the river ahead and in the pools. Land looked like solidified shadow. Tried to think of words to describe it without much success. River pale and luminous; land black-purple and green. Weird effect when they lighted search-lights, and we groping along turning [them] from side to side. Thousands of insects in the glare.

May [i.e. *June*] *25.*—Worked all morning, in fact most of the day, at my altar with good results. Does not look bad and is very firm. Extraordinary fascination in this sort of work—making things; but latent feeling that it was not very profitable.

Sept. 21.—Indian 'Messenger' with my article in. Most disappointing in print. Thought it had shape and individuality, but it hasn't. An invertebrate sprawl.

Dec. 31.—So ends 1918, an annus mirabilis if there was ever one. Have been very happy all through except for anxious waiting days at Dar es Salam and the beastly depressing time at Kilwa. Much to thank God for, grace, protection, and a little good work with the Brigade though so far from what it might have been.

On January 5 Fr. Garrold returned to India, where he was to spend his convalescence. His letters became more and more depressed. He found he could not get demobilized as a 'schoolmaster' without interminable circumlocution, nor yet be put on Home Service. Even out of the efforts to secure this, the

heart was taken by the absolute panic he felt of an English winter. After the bitter cold of Mesopotamia, he felt he would put up with anything rather than that, and reproached himself a good deal, on this account, for lack of mortification and for selfishness in regard of his sister, who naturally was most anxious for his return.

On and off, during this and the previous period, he had written articles which were printed in the *Cornhill*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, and the *Month*, about his experiences in German East Africa ; but not only, for my part, did I feel he had lost his spontaneity and almost every characteristic of his style, but he was very dissatisfied with the way in which they were published, unreasonably perhaps, since length and other considerations made it impossible that they should appear exactly as he forwarded them.

As for his diary, it becomes far more full of personal activities, as was to be expected—he moves from house to house in India, assists at all sorts of displays in native colleges, gives lectures and exhortations and what not ; but to my personal feeling a certain feverishness is discernible throughout, and he becomes positively obsessed with the conviction that he is destined to return to India and find his life's work there. Of course Catholic missionaries, both English and French, implored him to ask leave to do so, and indicated half a hundred posts which he might fill. His letters home, at this time, insist almost wholly on the cold as a deterrent from return ; but he had got it well into his head that his work in England was over, and he was developing a sort of horror of the West, with which only his affection for his sister entered into conflict. Except when discussing this with superiors and quite

close friends, I think he kept very silent about it. From now on, while the handwriting becomes worse, he draws little sketches in coloured chalk; they are crude and unskilful, of course, but vivacious, realistic, with a true sense of colour, and do not shirk difficulties, e.g., foreshortenings, atmospheric effects, and so on.

Jan. 8 (On board.).—Read Gleig['s 'Life of Duke of Wellington'] . . . the personal parts are good and very interesting. Excellent matter for exhortations on obedience. The Duke's loyalty to impossible people. (*Jan. 11*).—His life struck me as suggesting a super-added gift; such a very apparently commonplace boy and young man developing in such an extraordinary way. *Jan. 12*.—Read a history of S. Africa, and surprised to find what bitter grievances the Boers had, especially from the Protestant missionary societies.

Jan. 14.—[The moment he lands, he has 'a long talk' with an ecclesiastical authority about coming to India definitely.] I said I should go joyfully, and I think I should. At any rate I should go.

Feb. 4.—[He is reading Gibbon.] Idea of a historical section to diary. Places visited, 'histori-citer' side by side with events of day. [He did not keep this up for long. On February 6, by the side of a bearded, red-capped profile, he writes]: Fancy portrait of St. Basil very unsuccessfully sketched from one of Card. Manning, whom he resembles very much. Both great Archbishops with a chink [kink? An odd feature of Fr. Garrold's writing is his inability to spell words he knows quite well. He will write *Provost Marshall* and *Martial* on the same page; *manarisms*; *Cathalic*. He says always that he does not visualize: I think he does, massively, as I said, but without clear edges or interior details. In his stories he gets at the

details by sheer study or else invention, not direct observation. The 'woolliness' of his memory at this time was disturbing him. He took courses of Pelman, and consulted a well-informed psychologist on his return to England] which made them severely criticised. (Cf. St. Jerome and Purcell); both great poverty organizers, both wrote on Holy Spirit. M. was ordained on St. Basil's day and consciously imitated him. St. Gregory Nazianzen=Newman, St. Gregory of Nyssa=W. G. Ward. Quite a good parallel. [I doubt if he would have continued to support this by evidence.]

Feb. 10.—[Sir Rabindranath is] a striking figure, long grey beard, refined features, the very image of a Greek sophist. Had a tremendous reception. Platform full of clever-faced Brahman lawyers, etc. . . . The leading idea was pantheism as applied to literature. He compared Hindu dramatists with Shakespeare and Milton, and showed how, in the former, nature was a sympathetic counsellor and [in] the latter a force to be struggled against or at most a reflecting background. In M., man a lord and master; not a friend. Some people saw veiled political allusions, but they must have been very veiled indeed. . . . All practical issues were treated in a most nebulous way. It was very much the Neoplatonist idealizing of paganism. . . . [Sir Rabindranath called later on *February 13* and 'talked a good deal about his school; a gentle, rather complacent flow of words, but nothing remarkable. Said caste tended to disappear among the boys of his school. . . . Suggestion of the benignant but rather bored toleration of an over-decorated idol.']

Feb. 14.—Much talk with Fr. X. . . . His own family have been Christian from very early. An ancestor was catechist to B. John de Britto and was beaten about the head till one eye fell out. He is the first priest in his family. . . . Spoke of his

difficulties in the beginning, being called a pariah priest, saved by a girl, a black scorpion, etc.

[As you might expect, it was the pariahs, and again the Eurasian boys, whose difficulties most attracted his affection.]

Feb. 18.—History. Read Bury [Later Roman Empire]. Vivid pictures of Vth century life in the account of Porphyrius Bp. of Gaza's journey to Constantinople. The white crowd: 'You would have thought the multitude was covered with snow.' Also of the embassy to Attila. The typical Hun bully. The conversation between the Imperialist and the apostate white man.

Mar. 6.—Hist. St. Augustine watching the drunken man in Milan with feelings of envy. St. Augustine visiting St. Ambrose and kept very much in his place. St. Ambrose continues reading.

Mar. 22.—[He often notes, as here]: Great differences in children since frequent communion began. Great delicacy of conscience, great desire for holy communion. Many boys sleep in the school so as to hear the church-bell in the morning.

Ultimately he was recommended for a year in England, much to his surprise, and sailed on April 20, his diary being full of the 'unspeakable kindness' of the French Fathers of the Society, and of others, whom he had encountered; their simplicity, masculinity, and spiritual fervour. He read much during the voyage, and what is noticeable throughout the diary is the steady dwindling of any emotional response to Kipling's stories, even to 'The Man who would be a King,' 'which I used to think a masterpiece,' and the equally steady increase of Mr. H. G. Wells's importance to his imagination. He admired Mr. Wells's story-telling power enormously, but his

dislike for his books culminated in his perfect loathing for 'Joan and Peter,' which he found, however, 'made for thought,' though the ignorance it displayed of Catholicism was 'abysmal,' yet no more so than that found in the English people as a whole. He started at once an article on the educational thesis of the book : it appeared later on in the *New Witness*, but satisfied him no more than the rest of what he had written since the war, or was to write.

Soon after his arrival in England, which he reached on May 11, he went to stay for a while at Broadstairs, going up and down to Farm Street, and getting a little music, once, Clara Butt 'and her glorious six-foot-two voice.' He was given two months' sick leave on May 22, but was demobilized only in September.

On June 2 he went north to St. Francis Xavier's, where depression settled down upon him, 'from the sense of my part here being over,' he writes. 'Felt I was not strong enough for these boys, but could manage Indians.' An added hint came from a nun, whose judgment he esteemed, and who appears to have said spontaneously that she thought he should go back to India. 'So do I, more and more.' His only regret would be the farewell to his sister.

He visited Stonyhurst, and stayed for a while at St. Mary's Hall, where he found Fr. Keane and other friends. He lectured to the students there, trying to take the discourses seriously, with a view to printing them later. However, a certain restlessness was upon him, yet also a desire for peace ; he felt comfortable, if nowhere else, at least at St. Mary's Mission at Chorley, where he went to supply two or three times, and was indescribably touched by the kindness he there experienced at the hands of its rector, Fr. Crank,

and was each time edified by 'the robust English Catholicism' of what he considered 'a model mission.'

The rest of his happiness was found in convents (he always had a great affection for nuns), in the Ainsdale reformatory, where he is said to have done very solid work by his affectionate treatment of boys whose character was, by the world at large, assumed to be bad, and in the visits at Liverpool of some of his old boys. He arrived there definitely on August 19, and there was renewed joy at his return, and he himself was happy to be back: but the strain had been too great; it was impossible not to notice, and to make allowance for it; inequalities in temper, despondencies, were recognizably symptoms of a brain-fag never cured. It is pathetic, too, to find that, after all, the journeyings and the strange sights seen at last, had not been so satisfactory . . . all the saffron, scarlet, and violet of India seemed to him not so much more wonderful, and far less friendly, than the smoky sunsets, watched along with the old companions, from the roofs of Liverpool.

On the death of Fr. Bearne early in 1920, Fr. Garrold was sent to replace him as editor of the *Messenger*, a post in which he would find plenty of congenial work, and also a suaver atmosphere, both moral and physical, than that of Liverpool. In a sense, he felt happier than an order to go to India would have made him: he had always wanted to write novels, and had deliberately set the wish aside in favour of the duties which were directly his; he foresaw, now, the opportunity of working at 'Catholicizing the English imagination,' which Fr. Keane so well says was at once his ambition and his special gift. Moreover, in the Tertianship, it will be

remembered, his great resolution had been to endeavour in every way to spread the love of the Sacred Heart and the triumph of Christ, and nearly the whole of his last retreat at Manresa, in August 1919, had been spent in meditation on the Passion. Finally, he wanted to fulfil a promise made to Our Lady that he would write a book in her honour if she kept him safe during the war; and, having allowed the plan of the book to fade, he now felt it his duty to reconstruct it, and in fact began to write.

I have discovered two pages of the Introduction, uncorrected and not as he would have left them. Yet I will quote them, too, here, *in piam memoriam*. It was his custom to put at the beginning of his notebooks, the line :

Adsit principio Sancta Maria meo,

and to add to his name, there written, the consecrated title: 'servus perpetuus Beatæ Virginis.' (He had a great devotion to B. Grignon de Montfort, who popularized that title.)

Our Lady will not wish it to be forgotten, that, to the end of his life, he was endeavouring to use his talents in her service.

HONOUR THY MOTHER

INTRODUCTION

THIS little book is written in fulfilment of a promise. The writer, before proceeding as chaplain to the Front in France during the war, made a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour in the Church of the Redemptorist Fathers at Clapham to beg the

protection of the Mother of God. He promised, if he returned in safety, to write a book in her honour.

It was a rash promise made in an emotional moment, a bad case of the fool rushing in, for the subject requires a saint to deal with it adequately. Nevertheless it must be fulfilled, for the protection was extended in a manner that cannot be disregarded. On one occasion a shell fell at the writer's very feet, wounding him slightly when by rights he should have been blown to pieces. And at that very moment he held a rosary in his hand and was trying to say it.

Our Lady has done more than this. Perhaps understanding better than he did himself his inadequacy to perform the promised task, she gave him a tip. In the middle of East Africa, to which duty subsequently led him, in a spot most savage and abandoned, she sent him a book written about her by a great Saint, long ago. It did not drop from the sky, but was given to him in quite a prosaic way by a missionary. He had read it before (it is quite a well-known book) and been greatly impressed by it, but coming in this way in such a wild country and in the midst of the hardships and dangers of active service, when read in a grass hut with lions snorting round the camp (like the hosts of Midian), or in the bush within ear shot of the tut-tut-tut of enemy machine guns, its message, and claims to have a message, came home with new and surprising force. He felt that there was still work to be done in propagating it in England, despite the labours of Fr. Faber and Cardinal Vaughan, and he saw in a small book devoted to such propagation a means of fulfilling his promise without presumption.

The Book is the 'True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin' by Blessed Grignon de Montfort. It is well known, but not nearly well enough. It is known to the devout, but its intensely practicable character

makes it equally if not more valuable to the ordinary Christian. From the beginning the enemies of the Church have hated it ferociously, as will be seen from the subsequent chapter. It has been hopelessly misrepresented even by good men.

Meanwhile he was devising all sorts of ways of improving the *Messenger*, which indeed he did, and sent up its circulation quite amazingly.

In May he had the great privilege of being summoned to Rome to attend the ceremonies in honour of the canonization of St. Margaret Mary.

A characteristic anecdote survives. Attached to a bishop as his chaplain, he set out to St. Peter's for the *feſta*, lost his Bishop; fastened himself on to a different one, lost *him*; and finally saw the ceremony through as attendant on a third. He returned too tired to feel much satisfaction in the expedition; and declared that during it he had eaten something that had poisoned him. Anxiety was felt; it was decided he must go to a nursing home and be properly looked after.

.

Accordingly, on June 15 he arrived at Burton Hill, Petworth, looking, writes Fr. McAleer, who was in charge, very ill, and also feeling it. After supper in the refectory he went to bed, and never left it till his death except when he was carried down, later on, to a ground-floor room overlooking the Downs, and for a few hours one day when he begged so earnestly to do a little work at the forthcoming number of the *Messenger* that he was allowed up, and corrected proofs. As a matter of fact throughout his stay at Petworth his mind occupied itself incessantly with the improvement of the *Messenger* and the spread of the Kingdom

of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. He scarcely spoke at all of his experiences as chaplain, save of the miracle which saved him from the bursting shell. The only other literary work he did during this time was an article in answer to one in the *National Review* entitled 'The Roman Mischief-Maker,' by a Mr. Stutfield. He entitled his own 'An English Mischief-Maker,' which was an apt comment on the spirit in which the offending diatribe was written. A sharp rebuttal was no doubt called for ; but it was a pity Fr. Garrold had to write when he had relatively few sources for reference and was so ill. As it was, the article was never finished by him, but was sent after his death to Oxford, where it was stiffened up somewhat by quotations and illustrations, and appeared in the August number of the *National Review*. To a man of Fr. Garrold's experience of the world Mr. Stutfield's article was bound to appear ridiculous ; in an ex-military chaplain, it was bound to arouse indignation, and I quite imagine that it would have been well had these hours of high temperature been relieved of this pressure.

For from the outset it was seen that he was suffering from a bad septic mouth and throat, and from pernicious anæmia, which made the consultation of another doctor desirable. Even though the throat improved, his general condition caused anxiety. On Saturday, the 19th, his sister received from Petworth a postcard saying that he had turned the corner and was better ; but on the Sunday symptoms of heart failure were noticed, and Fr. McAleer suggested the last Sacraments, which he accepted without hesitation, though not believing they were necessary, just as he had always insisted on deriding the temperatures registered by the thermometer. Br. Long, who devotedly attended

him, noticed that, from now on, he ceased to talk eagerly about what he meant to do, and kept expressing his peace and content, but begged that his sister might be sent for, and be told he had been anointed. She arrived on Monday night too late to see him then; but on Tuesday he seemed better, and took nourishment well, and chatted with her about her children and found very great pleasure, as all could see, in her company.

From one o'clock, however, on Wednesday morning he became worse, and at six o'clock Br. Long fetched Fr. McAleer and then Mrs. Muir. His last words were the old prayer that had helped him so much in Mesopotamia, and in 'many difficult moments'—'Sacred Heart of Jesus, I put my trust in Thee.'

He became unconscious, though the last Absolution had revived him for a moment; at seven-thirty Fr. McAleer, leaving Fr. T. McMullin with the dying man, went to say Mass for his happy release, and he in fact died just as the Mass was ending.

Fr. McMullin went forthwith to say Mass for the repose of his soul, and on the 9th he was buried at St. Anthony and St. George's Church¹ at Dunton. On this morning the diploma recognizing his 'Distinguished Service in the East African Campaign' arrived, but his life had received the supreme sanction of no earthly royalty.

On finishing this sketch of Fr. Garrold, I feel that I have been living awhile in the atmosphere not only of the Society to which he belonged but also in that of St. Francis. You cannot depersonalize St. Francis,

¹ This is the church written of in Mrs. Trotter's exquisite little book of poems called *Nigel*: the poem itself is called *A Sussex Church*.

nor dissociate him from the Umbrian hills and vineyards. And as I write this, I recollect that St. Francis, too, made his journeys to Rome and even to the East ; but how little are they part of him ; how impossible it seems, now, to walk at his side in the streets about the Vatican, or to sail with him to a land of mosques and crescent-crowned minarets. At least, to that I cannot accustom my feeling : but in Assisi, on Mount Alverna, he is everywhere. Fr. Garrold never *grew into* the strange world of Africa ; India was an escape for him, and not a home ; in Mesopotamia he still seems like an unnested bird, anxious, scared, making its rapid flights and settling nowhere.

But at home, how his memory associates itself with places, and how he *alters* those memories and enriches them. It is true that the memory of a noviciate is too complex and too overpowering, too uniquely precious and in a sense terrible, for the memory of one man to make any great difference to it ; but how much of Oxford finds itself permanently different ; when one revisits it, one feels back in the undergraduate days when he also came for walks along the tow-path, or round the water-meadows, or watched the towers, bathed in golden light from under heavy rain-clouds, from the few places—out towards Marston or from hills above Hinksey—where modern hideous buildings fail to interfere with them. And I see that if I remember the garden at St. Mary's Hall, that is less because of my two years' philosophy spent there, than for the sake of one long vacation when he, too, was there, and we first made real acquaintance. And he has so *inset* himself into the impression I keep of Liverpool, that any return to that city is almost *first*, as it were, a visit to a place where he is living.

I say this, not sentimentally, but as a truthful transcript of an impression, and a proof that for me Fr. Garrold survives not as a person who did certain things; or stood for certain ideas, but as one whose spirit was such that it loved what surrounded him, and thereby entered into it, and caught it up into himself; and such, I think, was St. Francis.

I imagine, too, that had one known St. Francis, it would have been impossible to forget his face, and even his hands, though that perhaps is fanciful. Yet through his features his soul must have shone forth with a radiance which impressed them on the memory even while transfiguring them. I should like to say that in Fr. Garrold's photographs you see easily enough the really intellectual forehead, and the living eyes, and the often puzzled frown and side-glance which were not merely due to the imperfection of his sight, and the almost over-sensitive lips—at one corner twisted up in the smile which he himself thought weak, and was certainly not easily repressible in moments of contentment, and at the other drawn resolutely down in a whimsical effort to look grim, which he always hoped to succeed in doing some day. . . . But you cannot see in photographs the *delicacy* of his really rather heavy features; not the liquidity of his eyes, through which he looked, at what he loved so intimately, as from so far away; the gravity in the playfulness; the extreme wistfulness, there not least in the very hours when divisions seemed most securely bridged; the yearning pain of an often rebuffed soul; a so shy, yet so hungry soul; a 'slashed' soul, as once, by an irrepressible confession, due to a sight of suffering, he said that he felt his own was.

I trust once more that this will not be taken for

a sentimentality which, did it exist, would spoil the whole notion of friendship, even if I leave supernatural considerations out of account. I believe it to witness to something that was true, and markedly true, about Fr. Garrold ; something that he quite simply *was* ; and what I feel he was, this memoir ought to try to state. It would be fairly easy to sentimentalize his portrait, were one to wish to collapse into any such error. The sense of failure which pursued him all through, and led him to group himself with the ' pariahs ' of the world, would provide excuse enough ; the break-up of his last year or two, of the last few months especially, could not be, exactly, sentimentalized, because it contains rather too much of the tragic ; but anyhow all that would be unworthy. It seems to me certain that all his life through he was trying to achieve the adjustment of his very sensitive humanity and his spiritual life ; and that the adjustment was never quite accurately made was due to this, that in *both* parts of himself he was constantly increased and improved : he never, throughout his years, was noticeably false to the tendency towards severe interior mortification, expressed in much that was exterior ; to the devotion to the Sacred Heart ; to the most filial love of Our Lady ; and to a wholly convinced appreciation of the superior reality of Spirit ; all this part, in consequence, increased in the way that spiritual life does, seeming almost to have transformed itself quite, when a man looks back upon his own, so poor and unworthy do its earlier forms appear : and again, his sheer natural power of entering into communion with his world increased, owing to the courage to assimilate it which his spiritual motives contributed to him. As he grew more detached, so he grew more

affectionate ; as he entered more deeply into God's *atmosphere*, so he could breathe more freely and more happily the air of his fellow-men.

This is a great achievement ; he must have entered deeply, now, into the joy of his Lord ; and he is one for whose sake we are doubly glad that we are promised, not a new heaven alone, but a new earth, that the body is to rise, and that when Christ shall be All in all, He and we shall still be men.

II

FR. GARROLD's views on teaching history were not original, though his personality and its expression in his concrete methods were; though even so, perhaps I should have said, his views were not unique, for indeed they were not derived, but sprang naturally from his own mind and way of feeling towards life.¹

He considered that education nowadays was 'dehumanizing,' and made boys too cock-sure about knowledge, and ruined the imagination. He thought that history, properly taught, counteracted this and was humbling. He sympathized wholly with Mr. Trevelyan's essay, 'Clio, a Muse'; he deprecated even the 'collection of facts,' if it were done awry. 'Collect the "facts" of the French Revolution?' cried this author. 'You must go to hell and to heaven to fetch them.' He approved of Mr. H. G. Wells's 'visualizing' schoolmaster in 'The Undying Fire.' But the pictorial imagination must, too, be sympathetic, and he quoted Emerson plentifully in illustration. 'What would you have felt like, if you had been Wellington at Waterloo?'

His system was, briefly, to present concrete facts, to disengage an abstract idea, and reincarnate this in some concrete, algebraical system.

¹ They may be found, excellently stated though with some natural omissions, in Fr. E. Rockliff's *An Experiment on History Teaching* (Longmans. 1912), with some charts which Fr. Garrold thought too complicated and, I think, a little too tame.

Political history, he argued, could quite easily be taught.

I was once at a meeting of History Teachers in a big northern town, and we spent, so far as I remember, a most unprofitable evening in discussing various elaborate and impressive schemes of study. As I was at the time engaged on the hopeless task of cramming all the history and literature my unfortunate pupils got into four meagre hours per week (and many of them the worst hours of the day), I said, when my turn came to contribute to the symposium of wisdom, that we seemed, to me, to resemble a company of pauper tramps sitting by the wayside and discussing what we would do if we came in for a fortune of ten thousand pounds. The allusion, it will be understood, was to the miserable pittance of time everywhere apportioned to history, and the remark was not received with favour. One indignant optimist, I remember, stated with heat that if that was our position (he did not attempt to deny that it was), the task before us was to point out with more and more insistence the importance and advantage of historical study and to secure for it a larger allowance of time. I thought the project impossible and I think so now, though not quite so positively. Writers who at least are widely read are insisting upon the importance of history, notably Mr. H. G. Wells, though they also insist, and I think with some truth, that the teaching of it has so far been quite wrong. Still, they may affect public opinion. They may possibly stimulate parents to insist upon an adequate historical course, though parents are notoriously hard to stimulate.

I defend and advocate the teaching of history on the broadest grounds and with energy, for it is a case of *Cicero pro domo sua*. I contend that history counteracts to a remarkable degree the soul-devastating vice which lies at the root of all modern schemes of

education. Education tends to become more and more 'scientific'; laboratory methods, as they call them, are to be introduced everywhere, introduced sometimes with a pitchfork and incongruously, but always introduced. Now the result of this is to create a state of mind which imagines that when it has weighed and measured a thing it knows all about it.

Such a mind is the product, I will not say of modern education but of modern education which stops with the secondary school course. In the universities there is still a humanistic antidote, though its operation is limited, and from the enormous scientific schools of universities the dehumanized mind is turned out wholesale in a more extreme and aggressive form. It is a deplorable fact, but it is a fact. The horizon of the younger generation is limited by a two-foot rule, and they are cock-sure with a cock-sureness only possible to embryonic mathematicians. If you doubt it talk for a little while with any chance clerk or minor Government official. Or study their mentality in the pages of Mr. Wells, whose principal service to his generation is the production of correct psychological specimens. There is no room for God or religion or for any mystery or for reverence within a two-foot rule horizon, and there is precious little of any of these things to be found in the mind of modern youth, of the middle and lower middle class. It is not their fault, poor things, it is the fault of their educators. They have been taught that to weigh and to measure is to know, and they have believed it. They are as men with a lantern in a dark world, who think the feeble ends of their beam the whole vast universe.

Now history is an antidote to this poison, and mixed with a co-irritant a poison, as we know, may become a health-giving drug. Were history treated in the modern school curriculum with the same generosity as such bounty-fed subjects as mathematics or science

the result would be, it seems to me, very excellent. To learn to weigh and to measure accurately is a splendid and necessary thing once you have grasped the fact that there are many things in human life that cannot be weighed or measured, many things the good of which and the use of which, as an eloquent writer remarked, find no reckoning in the wealth of nations. And this vitally necessary truth is best inculcated by the study of history, for there, however hard you try, you cannot weigh or measure, or if you do you will only make a fool of yourself, a solemn fool, a scriptural fool. You will be effectually scaring off the younger generation. The youth of our day does not read history, but Carlyle was devoured eagerly by intelligent office boys.

It is a fundamental thing and one altogether necessary in education to realize that there are things that you can understand but that you can never understand altogether . . . that there is a vast universe beyond our lamplight and things within it we can see but cannot see perfectly. This can only be learnt by experience, by actually handling and reflecting ; and to learn it is a very necessary part of education. To see life steadily and to see it whole is about as good a statement of the ends of education as can readily be found. The mathematically minded person (using the term in the myopic sense above indicated) can see life steadily enough, perhaps too steadily, but he cannot and he does not see it whole or anything like whole.

Mr. Trevelyan, in his essay 'Clio, a Muse,' has some most lucid and valuable pages on the true nature of historical study. He writes as a champion of the humane and literary school, and no one has a better right to that office. I refer to him here because he bears witness to the truth of what I am trying to enforce, that the facts of history are of themselves of first-class

educative value, and because (at least partly) while they are not wholly comprehensible they are intensely interesting. 'Collect the "facts" of the French Revolution?' he cries, rightly chastising the Teutonic person who thinks he can put them in a bandbox. 'You must go to hell and to heaven to fetch them.' And so you must, but you can't, and therein lies the educational magic of history. It takes you, so to speak, a few steps up Jacob's ladder and down the path to Avernus, and you return at least a little less cocksure, a little less mathematically minded.

So much for that point. It is of real natural but of little practical importance, because it is abstract and metaphysical (in a sense) and few will take the trouble to understand it. My next argument is different; it is of great practical importance, it has even a commercial value; even a parent can be got to understand it and to believe that it will help his son to become a successful bank manager or an eminent salesman. Briefly it is this:

The imagination can be trained. There are different sorts of imagination; we may classify them roughly as the visualizing and the sympathetic. We are dealing here with the visualizing. Now it is very important to have a good visualizing imagination, to have the power of pictorially reproducing scenes in your mind and remembering them. It comes in in every walk of life, and implies among other things a trained and accurate power of observation. That the training can be made popular with boys the success of the Boy Scout movement to some extent proves, but as at present organized there is very little if any attempt to train and develop it in our school curricula. It is the one point, or perhaps we had better say one of the points, in which the modern schoolmaster conspicuously fails. It is made the centre of the most telling of the numerous indictments which are from so

many quarters launched against him. And it is true ; we do precious little to train and develop the imagination, perhaps because many of us are ourselves so little gifted in that matter. But it is not altogether our fault. The Olympian powers who give form and substance to the examinations which condition our activities do not call for imagination in the candidates, almost certainly because they have none themselves. They must move ; but so must we ; and we had better move first. Mr. Wells's sorely tried schoolmaster (in 'The Undying Fire' ; (how happy was the inspiration which made him a modern Job) made the training of imagination the centre of his (apparently) marvellously successful method. If we followed we should silence at least one voice among our critics, and how melodiously formidable a voice. And it can be done by only a change of method. Teach pictorially ; instead of causes and constitutional problems and the characters and careers of people, let us have pictures, gushes of colour, meat and blood and bones. At least let us have a good deal of this sort of thing, and send our pupils out into the world first-class visualizers, noticing salient features, ready at description. But what about the examinations ? What will the examiners say about a candidate who describes accurately (from observation of the baby at home) how King James I slobbered ? Will they not pluck him ? Undoubtedly they will, and we are up against the real obstacle to educational reform. May it serve to direct the fire of our critics to the real enemy, the director of examinations. When I was in German East Africa during the war it sometimes happened that we were attacked unexpectedly. On those occasions our native porters invariably stampeded, yelling 'tanza tanza' at the top of their voices. Now 'tanza tanza' is the Swahili for porter, and they were directing the attention of the Germans to the fact that being

only harmless and helpless porters they should not be shot. That is exactly what I am doing in this paper. I am shouting my cry of self-protection ; and asking, as a harmless and helpless creature and withal well-intentioned, working for my masters, that it is they, not I, upon whom the machine-guns should be turned.

This has led me slightly off the line of my argument. We were saying that the visual imagination could be trained and developed, is not trained and developed, and that the teaching of history is the proper and natural place for that development. Later on I shall show in detail how my own experience suggests that it may best be done, the useful light we get from psychology in the matter of the kinæsthetic sensations and so forth. For the moment I leave the matter and proceed to a further point.

There is, as we have indicated, a higher sort of imagination than the merely pictorial. We have called it the sympathetic, in default of a better word. It is what, at the highest, produces the vision of poets, the insight of great dramatists and writers of fiction, the God-like gift which enables us to travel beyond the circle of our own consciousness into the sumptuous world of the souls of other men and other ages. And it, too, may be taught, and history is the plan for teaching it. Its commercial value is not obvious, as its practical importance is less great than is that of the visual imagination. Yet without it the visual imagination, though important, seems a poor thing. To regard history with any sort of emotional interest, to regard it as 'the great adventure of Mankind' (Mr. Wells, who haunts me), we must have sympathetic imagination and learn how to use it. In this connection, Emerson's 'Essay on History' has some most illuminating remarks. Every teacher of history should read it slowly, and digest it. All that I have to say on the subject is practically only well-digested Emerson.

We must, if we would develop this all-important faculty in our pupils, be at pains to make them understand that there is something in their own actual experience akin to the experiences they read about in history. I cannot do better than give a few extracts from Emerson. He is engagingly rhetorical and sometimes a little vague, but he delivers the goods. As for example : ' If the whole of history is in one man, it is all to be explained from individual experience. There is a relation between the hours of our life and the centuries of time. As the air I breathe is drawn from the great repositories of Nature, as the light on my book is yielded by a sun a hundred million miles distant . . . so the hours should be instructed by the ages and the ages by the hours.' And again : ' The fact narrated must correspond to something in me to be credible and intelligible. We, as we read, must become Greeks, Romans, Turks, priest and king, martyr and executioner, must fasten these images to some reality in our scant experience or we shall learn nothing rightly.'

You, as you teach, must show your pupils how to become Greeks, Romans, etc., how, in other words, to make use of their own personal experiences in the interpretation of history. There is the whole secret of how to train the sympathetic imagination. It requires some trouble, but it is not impossible nor even very difficult. The life of the average modern school-boy is a pretty full one, but it is up to you to make it as full and varied as possible. My little dodge of pecuniary marks had that end in view. From this point of view it is a great blessing to teach in a school where the wisdom of King Solomon is still respected and corporal punishment flourishes. A caning is an emotional experience of first-class value, and most of the active characters in history have been given a good hiding by fortune or their fellows. It is an argu-

ment of real importance for the retention of corporal punishment. I recommend it to the notice of such truculent humanitarians as Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Obviously imagination is not a thing you sit down solidly to teach for an hour. It comes in incidentally and constantly, in conjunction with other things. Current events should be made full use of. Essays may frequently be set with a view to stimulating what we may call the habit of historical interpretation by interior personal experience, as, for example: 'What can you find in your own experience which gives you the best idea of how X. felt at N.—Wellington at Waterloo, King John when he signed Magna Charta, etc.' An inexhaustible supply of subjects for essays may be discovered in this way, and every schoolmaster who reads this book should be grateful for the suggestion.

I may here insert what will help us to appreciate Fr. Garrold's point of view a little more clearly. He knew well enough that it was very hard to define 'historical imagination' and dangerous enough to use it. Still, he held you could recognize who did, and who did not, possess it, and that without it you might practically despair of *teaching history*. You need not despair, of course, of cramming, but I have already said what he thought of that.

No one will deny it [he wrote] to Lord Macaulay, to Sir Walter Scott, to Dumas père, to Carlyle, to James Anthony Froude; we should like to add, Robert Louis Stevenson. We read of the first of these that he 'realized' Mr. Pepys so clearly that he literally accompanied him in the flesh on his daily visits to the Admiralty office.

Whether or no it be apocryphal that Sir Walter Scott felt, while he was writing, that 'the walls of his

room seemed to open and that he saw in a kind of vision the events he was narrating,' does not matter in the least. That is the sort of thing we mean. The power of looking through the curtain of manuscripts and medals to the living reality of flesh and blood behind them. It is 'a certain sort of psychological activity by which past facts are made present.'

He used to marshal names of poets and also scholastic philosophers as due sanction for his assertion that this is precisely a function of the imagination, whatever the imagination in itself may be. He was ever more than half sceptical of the value of scholastic definitions, but there he felt he found them all on his side. And turning to the historians themselves he would show how Mr. S. R. Gardiner confessed he used it, and declared that 'the humblest reader of the "Student's Hume" would be the happier for it.'

He developed hereupon an elaborate allegory in which penniless children were seen standing before a great peep-show, longing to go in. This was an optimistic version of the General Public, anxious to peer into the past, convinced that much had happened—*was* happening—there, and debarred from seeing it till a Benevolent Old Gentleman with pennies (the Imaginative Historian—Scott, Ainsworth, R. P. Garrold, and the disciples he hoped for—) sent them in. Further, the doors of the show were heavily sand-bagged and in many ways barricaded, and every year saw them made harder to pass through. This was due to the passion for documentation which makes it less and less possible for an historian to cope with any save the most restricted area of research. More than ever, nowadays, therefore, was historical imagination needed. What the Old Gentleman did to the

H

sandbags to get the children past them, I am not very clear. Probably he had to draw on his resources to the extent of whole shillings at a time, and pay menials to deal with the obstacles and let the student through. But whatever *he* did, Fr. Garrold's plan is clear. The minutiae must be mastered—by some one : then the eye of genius, able to see at once the details and the whole, able so to focus itself as to eliminate what was inert and assimilate what was vital, was to gain a vision which it must communicate to the else despondent onlooker. But, to vary Fr. Garrold's metaphor, it is possible so to see the wood as to be unable to see the trees, and then, advancing, a man is liable to knock up against hard facts which will disconcert him. For my part, I feel convinced that, genius or not, a man must have struggled with an infinity of facts before he can trust his impression, or venture to transmit it ; and assuredly know a hundred times more facts than ever he mentions, say, to his class, or writes in his book ; but it is quite true that you must get where Fr. Garrold means you to, that is, to the presentment, to the student, and to yourself, of a whole that is *alive*. And I consider that Fr. Garrold was far more alert to the importance of the documents and details than you would gather from the panegyric of the imagination from which I have quoted. The real point is, that *his* imagination without any delay played upon the details he observed, and usually did so rightly, and constructed scenes and personalities which really came alive, and were not merely pushed and pulled into seeming activity by his arbitrary, enthusiastic preferences.

Let us have it quite clear in our minds [he wrote] that teaching history is a quite different matter to

the study of history or the discovery of historical facts. That seems evident enough, but a cursory examination of the by now quite considerable literature on the subject will show that it is a distinction easily enough forgotten.

I approach the subject as a simple plain school-master, one in the ranks, and my faith as a school-master is that my duty is to make my pupils use their mental faculties.

I have hammered out my own method, with this end always in view, and I give it here for what it is worth. Perhaps I should add that there was also a selfish interest in its production, for the more I can make the boys do for themselves, the less strain upon me. Mr. M. W. Keatinge, who has written a very careful and learned work on the teaching of history, points out the very real danger of the history master doing all the work himself. But it hardly needed pointing out. The new master will discover it in his first hour.

I like to think that my method is scientific and based upon sound psychological principles and perhaps it is, but as I know very little about either science or psychology I cannot be positive. I do not claim for it that it is altogether original, but parts of it are, I believe. That it is practical I have no doubt at all. It will work, and produce, not the star-crowned results for which the modern pedagogical visionary yearns (Alas, I fear he will have to go on yearning !), but results as solid as can be expected. I claim for it that it will do two apparently contradictory things, it will get boys through examinations, yea, through flat, dough-like, deadening examinations, and it will teach them some history, possibly rouse in them a liking for history, make them think about history, conceivably lead to their pursuing the subject in later life in an amateurish and desultory sort of way. These sound extravagant

509752B

and incredible claims, but I really believe I can substantiate them. Perhaps I should add the qualifying claim that though you can get boys through examinations this way it is not the easiest way by any means. It is easier, much easier, to spot questions and cram.

My method is based upon two assumptions. The first, that to understand the history of a thing we must know pretty well what the thing is ; the second, that to deal successfully with abstract ideas in combination, we must have concrete symbols, algebra in fact. These seem fairly axiomatic, but you will find that in practice extraordinarily little attention has been paid to them. I remember a South African soldier telling me that he was once motoring in a very remote part of the Transvaal and had to stop at a farm for water. A crowd of Boer children collected round to stare at the marvel, the first motor they had ever seen, and one asked the leader of the group where the oxen were, a drawn wagon being the only vehicle with which they were familiar. 'The oxen,' replied the elder sister gravely, 'are in the box in front.'

Now if my friend, having refilled his radiator, had commenced a discourse to the admiring throng on the history and development of the motor-car, he would, it seems to me, have been very much in the position of many who teach history. They assume an elementary knowledge of sociology, of the elements of government, even of political economy, they proceed to talk to people who think that the oxen are in the box in front, or whose ideas of what history is about are quite as vague or vaguer.

I say it is quite easy, because you have at hand in the class and in the school an excellent working model of organized political society, and all these abstract ideas, so baffling and wearisome when dealt with in their bleak abstractedness, become quite vivid and actual things of everyday experience when stated

in terms of the class or school, things well within your pupil's horizon.

Now begin this way. There are six hundred boys in this school, and six hundred playing cricket in the Park on Saturday afternoon. Can you see any difference between them beyond the fact that they are different boys? You will get, sooner or later, according to the age and intelligence of the class, to the conclusion that one is a school and the other is not. Then you strive to discover what is it makes a school a school? What would reduce a school to six hundred boys playing football? If all the masters went away suddenly in the middle of the morning, what would happen? And so you get to the idea of government as a centre of unity. You can get to other ideas which lie at the basis of our conception of a State in the same way. Even if the school in the absence of authority poured out into the Park they would still probably play football together. Why? Because they have the habit of being together, know each other and so on. And so a first gleam into their minds of that most strange and difficult idea—nationality. Then you enlarge upon the great truth, the illuminating truth, that the thing whose history we are going to study is a thing something like a school, the why and the how. And then you send one of the boys outside to do the Intelligent Stranger. This is an excellent device and can always be resorted to; it is, moreover, one quite in accordance with the very newest of the new teaching. The great difficulty with older boys is self-consciousness, but that can soon be got over. With smaller boys there is no difficulty at all, and you can rouse emulation by giving some small but sufficient prize to the boy who has made the best intelligent stranger during the week. The function of the Intelligent Stranger is to inquire what the class is doing (a recent visit from an Inspector if the school is State-aided will often provide

agreeable bye-play). He is informed that the class has just made the discovery that a country is like a school. The Intelligent Stranger expresses surprise and incredulity ; it is one of his principal functions to express these emotions. He is then invited to call upon a member of the class to explain the mystery. Then you can rest for a little while, with a good intelligent stranger, for as much as a quarter of an hour. If you don't find two or three intelligent strangers in your class, train some. Believe me, it is well worth it. It is excellent for them and priceless for the class, who are bound to think at least a little on the question, why and how is a nation like a school. If they discover ways in which it is unlike and the parallel fails, so much the better.

I should stick to working-model demonstration for several lessons. The functions of government are easily demonstrated, how they can be joined or separated and the advantages and drawbacks of various arrangements can be indicated. Foreign affairs can be brought in with reference to the school's relations to other schools, and imaginary situations may easily be constructed.

Now, if your conscience or your headmaster smites you for spending the history hour in irrelevant absurdities, you can satisfy it and him by interlarding your demonstrations on the working-model by stating in rough outline historical episodes, and then making your pupils restate them in terms of the working-model. It will be an excellent thing, as you can point out, to anticipate the ground you are afterwards to travel more at leisure. Or you may describe a crisis in school history, and tell them to reproduce it in terms of an imaginary historical episode, and very likely you will be able to find an episode in actual history which closely corresponds. And I would point out again with vehemence and emphasis, that in doing this they,

as well as you—are *bound to think*. And that alone is a triumph, the arrival at one, at least, of our goals.

I should like to add one word, not so much on the necessity and desirability of exciting emotional interest, but as to the importance of exciting it about the right matters. It seems to me that we have all gone wrong here. Surely the important thing to make our pupils understand is the *difficulty* of government. Their emotional interest should first and foremost be centred round the King or Sovereign Authority. They should be made to understand, and only by arousing in them a fellow-feeling can they be got to understand it, that the King is trying in the face of numberless enemies to do a very hard thing for the people. But all our tears are for the de Montforts and Algernon Sidneys, and we shall perhaps some day reap the fruit of this teaching. In India we are beginning to reap it already.

These methods were heroic. Short of this, Fr. Garrold made great use of symbols, which were all the better because they gave the boys a chance of *inventing* and of *making*. Some of the diagrams he evolved were linear merely; some pictorial. Both sorts are easily explained.

He was very anxious to give boys a *concrete idea of Time*. Dates, he considered, were practically useless for this. They conveyed no *idea* at all, and only when you are fairly grown up does the phrase 'twenty years' suggest much meaning, and the difference between, say, 'six hundred' and 'seven hundred' years does not impress any of us much, and 'a million years' is practically without any significance, and a 'trillion' quite without any. He devised, therefore, long strips, which he afterwards mounted on boards 'a century long,' each attachable to its predecessor.

In this way you '*made* history,' and of them I shall speak more in detail afterwards. For the moment it suffices to say that a firm black vertical line ran down the middle of them (with, one may be glad to hear, the indispensable dates, as well as decades, written clearly alongside of it). Symbols of various sorts were painted on either side. I myself made an enormous chart, from 1500 B.C. to the present day, on mathematically ruled paper, where each square stood for a year. The nations flowed along side by side, overlapped, sprang into existence, split up, and so on. He used this a great deal, but (rightly) preferred something more startling for younger boys and with more room for symbols. However, what he valued in it was the clearness with which it showed the sequence of events in each country, the simultaneity of sorts of events in several countries, and the material thus provided for formulating half philosophical laws, seen as operating in events. A sequence like a war, a group of poets, a group of historians, a group of philosophers, not only threw great light on the period being studied but made it far more easily remembered ; and if this *sort* of thing was seen to recur, even with no exactness, the processes of the human mind were illuminated. Examples might be, the Persian War ; Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides ; Herodotus, Thucydides ; Plato, Aristotle : and The Crusades ; St. Francis, St. Dominic ; St. Bonaventure, St. Thomas. Contrasts between these large masses would be as valuable as similarities ; and developments *within* groups (as in that of the three Greek Tragedians, for example) became easy to indicate, assimilate, and account for ; and what was thus learnt was *never forgotten*.

Fr. Garrold even aimed at visualizing *relations*

between persons, or parties, or ideas, and thus simplifying what may be peculiarly complicated as well as elusive.

He writes :

We have over and over again, in teaching history, to try to impart knowledge of a series of relations, the relations, for example, between King and Parliament, between Whigs and Tories, between two statesmen, two countries, and so forth. Now the concept of a relation is of all metaphysical abstractions the most abstract, even the adult student may with advantage seek the aid of a concrete prop. I have found the following extremely simple device most useful in my own private study and for my pupils.

Two parallel thick lines represent the two parties ; a wavy line between them shows the variation in their relation. By way of a mildly humorous introduction of the matter, I made the boy draw a diagram representing the relations which at various times have existed between himself and myself, our periods of war and amity.

An even simpler figure was the line of seismic disturbance. Most boys have seen in the newspapers reproductions of the lines which register earthquake shocks, and it is obviously quite as easy to apply them to history. It can with equal success be made to illustrate any sort of political disturbance, or a war.

Another diagram of the same type aimed at simplifying the perplexing series of changes of occupation which occur on every page in the study of history ; changes in the party in power, in the powers occupying a given territory or city, and so on. During the last two centuries of English history such changes often present a bewildering perplexity, yet they must be mastered

if any clear idea of the period is to be gained. In such cases the following diagram was found useful :

A space between two parallel lines represents, e.g., the Government Area ; two lines which alternately coincide with, and occupy part of, or lie quite outside these are, e.g., Whig and Tory influences. The same system can, of course, be applied to territories and invasions.

Passing now to a more complicated kind of diagram, Fr. Garrold writes :

There is in every period a leading idea, which, once fully grasped, lets in a flood of light upon almost every question connected with it. In dealing with higher forms, I based my system of teaching upon this fundamental fact, and I attempted to keep the guiding idea constantly before the minds of my pupils by embodying it in the form of a diagram. To this diagram constant reference was made, and it was used to provide a set of terms in which the historical problem could be stated. Now a boy who can state a historical problem in terms of history and in terms of the diagram must have thought, at least a little, and must to some extent have understood. He will further acquire a most valuable habit of referring to general principles for the solution of individual questions.

The first example is taken from the period of the Norman and Angevin Despotism. The directing idea here is the gradual welding of the people into one by means of a strong executive, which sternly represses all the disruptive elements. The object of the feudal magnate is to gain as great a portion of independence as he can, to frustrate the unitive policy of the crown by setting up an independent principality. We see the disruptive elements in full play during the temporary break-down of the executive in the reign of Stephen.

The diagram for this period takes the form of a black steam hammer engaged in hammering a lump of bluish material, from the midst of which scarlet threads of another material are trying to work their way out, with the result that they destroy the compactness of the whole. The steam hammer comes down again and again, crushing, and then forcing them to become part of the general mass.

The second diagram represents the process completed, the mass welded into a compact whole, the disintegrating elements deprived of their disruptive qualities. The scarlet threads, or arms, are all beaten back into the blue mass. In terms of history the steam hammer represents the Angevin administration with its scientific taxing machinery and its arm of mercenaries. The restless, scarlet threads or arms are, of course, the feudal magnates, and the blows of the hammer are the various rebellions and their suppressions. The state of things in this second diagram represents the situation after the suppression of the last great feudal rising in 1172.

The period of Magna Charta, the Barons' Wars, and the growth of Parliament, though it is far more complicated, has nevertheless one or two leading ideas, which, if firmly grasped, make its intelligent study much more easy.

The first of these is discovered in the oligarchical ambitions cherished by the Barons during this period, and manifesting themselves with varying degrees of clearness in the Magna Charta movement, the Provisions of Oxford, the Lords Ordainers, and the Lords Appellant. The Barons have abandoned the disruptive policy of the last century, and are trying now not to destroy, but to control and utilize for their own end the governmental machine.

The second fundamental fact of this period is the growth of Parliament. Beginning with the use made

by the Administration of the County Court, for purposes of taxation, it comes by degrees to be regarded as an integral part of the governmental machine. The object all along of the King is to expedite the process of money-raising, and later to provide a power which should counterbalance the oligarchical tendencies of the Barons. The object of Simon de Montford, who undoubtedly gave the process of development a very considerable impetus, was simply to find a basis for his very precarious government. These two guiding facts are to be represented in the diagram. Over the blue mass now lies a solid red layer, shooting up arms which entangle the handles of the hammer. For a change is to be noted in the character of the mass which represents the population as a whole. The Barons are no longer independent units, each seeking to disassociate himself as far as may be from the general mass, they now form an integral part of it,—its upper crust. This visualizes the all-important fact of the distinction between the baronial parties of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

In this third diagram the baronial upper crust is shown in the act of sending up spirals which seek to envelope the handle of the great hammer, to bring the handle, so to speak, within their sphere of influence. This, in terms of history, is the policy of the baronial opposition to King John.

In diagram No. 4 it will be noticed at once that the foundation of the structure which supports the hammer has undergone a change. It is now seen to be no longer standing on the outer surface of the mass, but embedded within it. It has come within the sphere of influence not only of the Barons—so that it cannot be moved without their consent—but also, to some extent, of a portion of the people. The handle is now much harder to move, and though this is an advantage, in so far as it prevents either Barons or King from gaining a too

absolute control over it, it is a drawback in so far as it makes it difficult for the machine to work suddenly and swiftly as in the old days. The King still holds the end of the handle, but unless the various strata of the mass in which it is embedded prove plastic, he can hardly move it at all. To make it plastic he must make it understand what he is going to do, which all takes time.

In terms of history this means that Parliament, when at last definitely established as a portion of the governing machine in the reign of Edward I, declined to play the passive rôle assigned to it in the royal scheme, and showed that it had a mind of its own and must be humoured before it would give its consent. I know of no more certain proof that a boy has understood and mastered the main features of the difficult and intricate reign of Edward I than the fact that he can give an intelligent statement of its main problems in terms of the diagram. If he can do so he must have done quite a lot of historical thinking.

The advent of the house of Lancaster brought with it a development of the popular element in the situation for which the nation as a whole was as yet unprepared. At a moment when the new feudalism of the fifteenth century was reviving the old disruptive dangers, the executive was seriously hampered, if not altogether paralyzed, by the predominance of Parliament. This much theory must be mastered by every boy or girl who is to have any intelligent knowledge of the fifteenth century, yet nothing can be more certain than that, if proposed theoretically, it will never be mastered at all. Put it in the form of a diagram and the very dullest will handle it without difficulty. The diagram takes the form, to which they are now well accustomed, and shows the red upper crust in a state of turmoil, sending out vibrations which disturb the general mass; while the governmental

hammer, owing to the fact of its being so deeply embedded, can not be got to strike the hard and sudden blows required to still the tumult. When in addition to a stiff handle we have a weak royal hand in Henry VI, we find ourselves face to face with the Wars of the Roses.

He worked out the rest of English history in these diagram-terms. Finally Fr. Garrold passed to certain miscellaneous devices other than diagrams, which he found of particular utility in teaching history. One was the 'Kinetic.'

The first successful use of the method made by me [he writes] was in trying to teach a class of small boys some facts about the working of the feudal system, how it checked commercial development, and why the English, as a people, gave their support to the Norman and Angevin despots. Having altogether failed to make any impression by the ordinary method of explanation, I divided the class up into feudal earldoms. Each bench was an earldom with the biggest boy on it for an earl and the rest for his dependents. It was easy enough to see that the earl, being an almost independent magnate, might make things uncomfortable for his subjects if the master left the room, and what in that case were the subjects to do? They might apply for help to the next earl, but the result, as was easily seen, would only be a disturbance, in the course of which most of the property of the unfortunate subjects would probably be destroyed. The thing for them to do was obviously to pray for the return of the master, and if the master made the payment of a $\frac{1}{2}d.$ all round to provide money to buy a cane as the condition of his return, it would be to their interest to raise that $\frac{1}{2}d.$ somehow or other. For, a master with a big cane in the room would be

a power sufficient to curb the violence and tyranny of the feudal magnate.

The effect of feudalism upon trade was easily shown by selecting two itinerant merchants from among the members of the class, and sending them with a valuable consignment of goods (a little archæology might well be brought in here) to make a journey across the room. That there would be difficulties (when the master was out of the room) with every feudal magnate was sufficiently obvious, and no less so the merchants' anxiety for the master's return.

I now pass to a device which has for its object the stimulating of the imagination. I used to give for the weekly essay an interview (*cf.* the manners of modern journalism) with one of the principal men of the period with which we were dealing. Sometimes the interview was to be held with a view to extracting from the dignitary in question his views on some particular subject. A good introduction would be to read the account of such an interview from a paper. I found this had the effect of stimulating the boys' interest in archæological details, the modern reporter, fortunately, being addicted to describing with minuteness the external surroundings of the great man.

Another expedient for quickening interest I found in the manufacture of cartoons after the manner of the *Punch* cartoons, with which they were all more or less familiar. Sometimes I left the invention entirely to the boys, sometimes I provided the idea and left the artistic work to them, giving a small prize for the most successful design. I found that the attempt to produce a cartoon not unfrequently brought to light hidden sources of confusion, while it certainly tended to emphasize fundamental points. I regret that space does not permit me to reproduce one or two of these pupil-made cartoons ; some of them were

strikingly ingenious. One boy, about fifteen, represented the Seven Years' War by a series of pictures of the race for the American stakes; the French filly, which is seen leading in the first picture, is drawn away from the course in the second by the attraction of a large carrot labeled 'European War.' It would be difficult to express the fundamental facts of the failure of France in America more clearly.¹

Comparable to this was the system of 'psychological portraits,' which included the use of historical ones as evidence for characters. I usually made these portraits myself from photographs, making them half quarter-plate. They cost very little more than a farthing each. I need not quote Carlyle's famous dictum as to the value of a good portrait. I found that the boys grew extremely keen about these books and discovered historical pictures for themselves from all sorts of quarters—picture post cards, publishers' lists, and the like. Some of them copied arms, armour, etc., for themselves. The pictures when mounted were embellished with an ornamental framework. I rely on these books, in the case of most of my boys, as having awakened lasting interest in the subject.

Another development of the use of pictures was the collection of a number of portraits illustrating a movement by the change in the type of face. I used a collection of lantern slides illustrating the change from the Middle Ages to the Reformation in this way. The contrast, e.g., between a pre-Reformation and post-Reformation bishop is sufficiently striking to appeal to the least impressionable. It would be possible,

¹ A delightful collection of these still exists. Some are full of craftsmanship; all are *vigorous*, which is what is wanted. They provide, too, a tacit comment on the present condition of *Punch*, in which the political cartoons have come to be charming and mildly allegorical pictures. The boys have gone back to the mid-Victorian style, which was at once more imaginative and more explicit.

I think, to illustrate most of the great movements of history by a carefully selected group of portraits, the difference between High Church and Puritan, Tory and Whig, etc. I was first struck by this idea some years ago at the Oxford collection of historical portraits.¹

Finally, I have discovered among Fr. Garrold's papers a fragment which indicates that he had conceived of a set of *tableaux vivants*, representing their subjects as symbolically, I dare say, as his diagrams did, or as the earlier Greek drama did, when Poseidon was shown just by his trident or a net, and as Shakespeare's own theatre was content to do. Certainly the music was symbolical enough! And as the page is sufficiently entertaining, I reproduce it. It is an extract from a dialogue:

'As each tableau was exhibited,' I continued, 'the band played a different tune. For Queen Mary they played *The Bluebells of Scotland*, for Napoleon, *The British Grenadiers*, which I thought was in doubtful taste. I was wondering what they would select for St. Thomas. Judge of my delight and speechless astonishment when they burst into the stirring strains of *Rule Britannia*.'

'How extremely odd,' he exclaimed.

'But how marvellously appropriate,' I added. 'Henry had succeeded in clamping down his iron plates over every spot in the land where the tree of

¹ Fr. Garrold wrote a pleasant article in a Catholic magazine on a collection of historical portraits at Oxford. He also valued, not likenesses, but symbolical portraits. When a friend was explaining to him the constitution of Sparta, he drew the Ephors with conical skulls to represent their narrow-mindedness; with spectacles, to represent their inquisitorial duties, and with other symbols, as well as with the realist feature of an upper-lip shaved Spartan-wise. However, this made them look more than ever like Dissenting Elders, and was doubly useful.

liberty was sprouting, only the Church remained. The King had his hammer and rivets ready for that too; it was St. Thomas's single-handed efforts that stopped him, and St. Thomas could only do it because there was a Pope to appeal to, a power above the King. It was because "when Britain, heavenly maid, was young, and rose from out the azure main," she had some courageous clergymen to look after her best interests, that she has enjoyed so fully the immunity from slavery our patriotic song asserts as her peculiar privilege.'

'It sounds a little like special pleading,' he said. 'You surely don't suggest that the showman took that view of the matter in selecting *Rule Britannia*?'

'From a short conversation I had afterwards with the showman,' I answered, 'I gathered that he regarded St. Thomas . . .' [Somewhat as Mr. Belloc does, I dare say, in his 'Europe and the Faith.' But here the fragment ends.]

I finish by a brief description of his 'boards' of history. It is impossible to reproduce them save by colour-printing, which would nowadays be too expensive. They were, as I said, strips of paper (afterwards mounted on boards) about eight inches wide, and exactly 'one century long.' A strong black band went from top to bottom down the middle. This was the line of time. The strip was ruled, horizontally, so that each horizontal band stood for five years. The strip representing 1000-1100 has the century number XI, boldly written on a square which is half red, half orange. Red stands (roughly) for 'English,' orange for 'Norman.' The left-hand edge of the strip is coloured orange all the way down, and stands for Normandy. Between this and the black

band is a strip representing 'England.' Between 1000 and 1016 this strip is coloured pinkish, and is Saxon. A black snake wriggles down it, representing, I think, the policy and moods of Ethelred. The right-hand edge of the Saxon strip is harassed by brown Danish arrows. In 1014 the pink colour pours to the left in a narrow stream to join the orange, while Sweyn's unusually big arrow stabs this country from the right. The pink stream returns in 1015, but after a year of compromise (Cnut and Edmund Ironside) Cnut's 'political' reign begins and lasts till 1035, a scarlet strip edged with brown, symbolizing a real 'nation' now created though united to the Danish crown. After Cnut's death, the Danish brown, somewhat pale, still edges the red, itself faded almost back to the Saxon pink, and scarred with a black wedge of evil intrigue. In 1042 the brown edges cease, and Edward the Confessor arrives, a narrow stream of pink, from orange Normandy, and orange now edges the pink: a 'seismic line' traverses the kingdom from left to right; and a horseshoe 'magnet' by 1063 draws orange still further towards pink, for which the scarlet patch of Edward's 'laws and customs' makes a kind of core. In 1066 the orange pours pinkwards, and Harold's arrow is definitely broken. The great battles of this period are marked by lumps of sealing-wax, for Fr. Garrold used to insist on the 'kinæsthetic' plan of making the boys feel the chart, and even inserted drawing-pins from behind it so that the students should have no doubt of the poignancy of certain situations.

From now on the scarlet constitution of William (edged with orange) is studded with paler discs representing, I think, Saxon survivals, or possibly the baronial system; rebellions (as of his sons in 1079,

or Odo's rather later) are shown by a sort of crater spouting flames ; 'Domesday Book' is frankly marked D.B. On subsequent strips, Lanfranc, Anselm, and Becket are shown as large purple triangles ; and above all, political developments have their special symbols on the right, and an ingenious system of concentric circles representing the composition of Parliament. I think the symbol for Magna Charta is an egg ; out of it, I suppose, the future grew.

Perhaps enough will have been said to suggest the sort of *thing* these charts were. Fr. Garrold's first wish would have been that each teacher should invent his own. He had no wish to be copied.

.

This is all I have wished to say of a priest who, in his manhood, retained the heart of a boy, with its impulsive likes and dislikes, its enthusiasms, exaggerations, timidities, puzzlements, isolations, and happiness in simple friendships ; yet with more than a man's sense of the anguish, as of the beauty, of the world ; of bafflement in face of his fellow-men whom he loved and who loved him, but remained unfathomable ; and of horror at the sight of the deep contradictions of his own personality. Happy for him that in his world he was continually aware of the motherhood of Mary, and could trust peacefully the love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and never forgot the abiding presence, at his inmost, of the Eternal God.

*Printed in England at THE BALLANTYNE PRESS
SPOTTISWOODE, BALLANTYNE & CO. LTD.
Colchester, London & Eton*

My dear Mr. [unclear]

I have just received your letter of the 12th inst.

and am glad to hear that you are well.

I am writing you a few lines to let you know

that I have received your letter of the 10th inst.

and am glad to hear that you are well.

I am writing you a few lines to let you know

that I have received your letter of the 10th inst.

and am glad to hear that you are well.

I am writing you a few lines to let you know

that I have received your letter of the 10th inst.

and am glad to hear that you are well.

I am writing you a few lines to let you know

that I have received your letter of the 10th inst.

and am glad to hear that you are well.

I am writing you a few lines to let you know

that I have received your letter of the 10th inst.

and am glad to hear that you are well.

I am writing you a few lines to let you know

that I have received your letter of the 10th inst.

and am glad to hear that you are well.

